

GOOD BYE TO PARISH.

The Judge's Last Term Here At an End.

THE CONVICTED CRIMINALS RECEIVE THEIR SENTENCES. ALL GO OVER THE ROAD.

Mrs. Hansen Gets a Verdict of \$900.—The Town Wins and Loses its Case.—Full News Notes of the Recent Week.

Just before court adjourned last evening S. H. Alban addressed Judge Parish, and delivered a wholly unexpected, well deserved and eloquent tribute to a conscientious official and highly prized friend. He said:

"There have been some arrangements contemplated for a fitting farewell to your honor by the Oneida county bar, but the sudden closing of the term has prevented carrying them out. They wish, however, to convey to you, if only in this informal manner, their high regard for you, for the fearless and conscientious manner in which you have discharged the duties of your high office. It is with extreme regret that we contemplate the severing of the friendly relations which your official term here has formed. The kindest wishes of the bar go with you. May your successes as a just and conscientious judge be long continued. It is with regret that we say good-bye."

Judge Parish was completely overcome. It was with difficulty that he replied, and as he bid the bar final farewell his voice perceptibly faltered. He said:

"I appreciate the compliment of a kind word from the Oneida county bar. I am fully aware that when we met, on my entering upon these duties, as strangers, that it was largely experimental, so far, at least, as I was concerned, I realized at that time the magnitude and the responsibility of the duties of such an office. My associations with you here have been such that it is with regret that they are severed. It is with deep feeling that I say this. You have aided me much. The bar of Oneida county has done its full duty towards me, and though errors have been committed, I am free to say that they were more often mine than yours. Though often disappointed at the outcome of cases, I trust and feel that you have given me the credit of a desire to serve fairly and frankly, you and all of you. The want of animosity; the mutual kindly feelings that exist between us—may they grow stronger as the years pass. I shall always remember you and your county with pleasure, and sever my official connections therewith with regret."

THE CRIMINAL CALENDAR

was completed Friday. John McCassey was by his own evidence convicted of stealing and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Fred DeVoe was found guilty of shooting Nels Larson with intent to kill, and Wm. Gordon was convicted of the larceny of a box of sardines from a freight car. Wm. Black settled his case.

The case of Mrs. Hansen against the "Soo" Line occupied the attention of circuit court two days last week. Mrs. Hansen sued the road for \$1,000 damages because of the company's failure to put her off at the place they agreed to, but instead, at a place where there were no accommodations, by reason of which she was obliged to stay out half of a December night without shelter, causing injury to her health and feelings. The Soo road answered that Mrs. Hansen was put off at the point called for on her ticket and was told of the fact that there were no accommodations there. The trial excited considerable interest, and was hard fought on both sides. Judge Marchetti and Neal Brown conducted the case for the plaintiff, and the railroad's attorney, Mr. Bright, assisted by Paul Browne, conducted the case for the road. The jury went out at 9 o'clock Saturday evening, wrestled with a question of damages until 3:30 Sunday morning, agreeing on a verdict of \$900.00.

The case of Herman Canitz against the Soo Lumber Co., resulted in the jury finding for the plaintiff in the sum asked, \$260.79. Canitz hired out to the Soo Company last winter. He was to furnish three teams with drivers for \$70 per month each. He left after working a month or so and the company, in so much as they claimed he had agreed to stay the season out, and his leaving damaged them greatly, refused to pay him. He claimed he

made no agreement to stay the season through, and asked for judgment to the extent of his claim. The Soo company averred considerable over a thousand dollars damage by his breaking the contract and asked for judgment. The jury decided for plaintiff.

In the case of Deane & Co. vs. Town of Pelican, the jury brought in a verdict of no cause for action and Judge Parish set it aside, granting the motion for a new trial. The suit resulted from a failure on the part of Deane & Co. to furnish iron for the city lock up within a reasonable time or according to plans. The town board deducted the amount paid out on account of such failure and Deane & Co. sued to recover the amount involved, \$150.15.

The case of the school board against P. W. Shurb and his bondsmen was referred by stipulation to a referee, not yet selected.

Case of Paulson vs. Town of Pelican, plaintiff failed to appear and was nonsuited.

M. E. Eby vs. Geo. Gumaer, Tax title case. Verdict for defendant.

W. H. Stubbings vs. McGregor, et al. Argued by counsel. Decision reserved.

All the other civil cases were either continued or settled. The trial of those accused of breaking open the Muncie dam was to have come on yesterday, but at the last moment attorneys for the defense came into court and plead for a continuance which was finally granted them. Last week they made affidavit that a certain important witness, Mr. Dieker, could not be found, but District Attorney Shelton sent an officer who brought him here. Yesterday their attorney stated to the court that another important witness, who had been subpoenaed had failed to appear and that they could not proceed without him. He intimated very strongly that in case a continuance was not granted that the defendants would swear the case away on the ground of prejudice. The witness who either conveniently or absent-mindedly overlooked coming was Walt Alexander, of Wausau. A warrant for his arrest was issued and he will be brought before his honor to answer for contempt.

The jury was discharged yesterday afternoon. Judge Parish took occasion to thank them for behavior and efficiency.

S. H. Alban was discharged from further duties as assignee of H. J. Davis, G. S. Coon and E. L. Dimick were also discharged of like duties for H. C. Johnson and Sam. Addington.

Motion for new trial in case of Hanson vs. Soo R'y on ground of verdict not being sustained by the evidence was denied.

Mrs. Georgiana Schutt was granted a divorce from Eli Schutt.

Judge Parish sentenced the convicted criminals last evening. Mrs. McDonald was given one year in the penitentiary, the first day of which and the 28th day of July will be in solitary confinement. John McCassey got 18 months, the first day and Aug. 16 to be solitary. Wm. Gordon, the Indian boy, was committed to the Reform School. Fred DeVoe was given two and one-half years, with two days of solitary confinement each year. As the judge passed sentence on Mrs. McDonald she wept bitterly and maintained that she was innocent.

The application of the Rhinelander Iron Co. for vacation of a street was granted.

Counsel a guard for a new trial of Alexander McBean, which motion was denied. A stay of proceedings was also asked for, but denied. Judge Parish sentenced McBean to a term of three years.

The prisoners for Wausau left in charge of Sheriff Mericle to-day.

The Home Talent Concert.

Fully as enjoyable an entertainment as was ever given in Rhinelander was that given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church. The singing of Miss Gailey, of Chicago, who kindly assisted the home talent, was fully up to expectations. The lady is possessed of a remarkably sweet voice, which she handles in a manner showing excellent judgment and careful training. The home talent numbers were heartily applauded and thoroughly appreciated. The audience was large and the society a considerable gainer thereby.

A good horse for sale. Enquire of W. S. Jewell.

THE YEAR'S RECORD.

Rhinelander's Advancement Has Been Marked.

HUNDREDS OF HOMES AND MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS ADDED TO ITS PLAT.

A Substantial and Steady Addition to Its Buildings Marks the Year as a Prosperous one for the Town.

A. D. 1891 has been a year of prosperity to Rhinelander, and never has the outlook for the permanent stability and growth of the town been better. There has not, perhaps, been as many shells of buildings put up as in some former years, but never has the amount invested been larger or the character of the improvements been so favorable. No new saw mills have been built and there is no crying need for any more. Rhinelander has lumber mills enough. With other factories in proportion this would be a place of 20,000 inhabitants. The large number of fine homes which have been built this year is a pleasing indication of prosperity—one which is noted by both local residents and strangers. In this regard no city in Northern Wisconsin can compare with Rhinelander. It has better homes and more of this class than many cities of five times its age and double its size. Hundreds of houses have been built this year and are uniformly better than those erected in previous years. The most important addition to the place from a business stand point is the Wabash Screen Door Company's plant. It is not necessary here to rehash the oft told tale of the size and beauty of their engine house or warehouse, but suffice to say that the works will give employment to about eighty men at good wages the year round, with prospects of doubling this number another year. Another investment of considerable size is the brewery now being built. The Kindling Wood factory, with all its ups and downs, will prove a good thing to the place, in the hands of the new company. The amount of money expended in Rhinelander during the past twelve months is greater than that of any other period of equal length. The waterworks plant, while it gives employment to but few, is a big investment of infinite value to the place.

The growth in population has been in proportion to other improvements. Notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of residences have been built, the demand for houses to rent is still as great as ever, and greatly in excess of the supply. The prospects of a season of continued prosperity for Rhinelander are excellent. The idea of cutting timber above here and manufacturing it into lumber at points down the river has received a severe set back. This is bound to be the lumber center of the Wisconsin valley, and as such is certain to grow and progress. The great amount of water reserve timber which will be cut this winter, will, wherever tributary to the river, come to Rhinelander for manufacture. The fact that business men and property owners are awake to the idea that it is energy and work that builds up a place is the surest sign of continued prosperity to the town. We need more factories and will have them. Not a week passes but what some new industry is nibbling at Rhinelander's bait. They can't all be landed, but where the line is constantly out, some will be captured.

Rhinelander Kindling Company.

The new company which will operate the kindling wood factory have completed their organization, all but the formality of electing officers. The members are A. W., W. E. and E. O. Brown, H. B. Lewis and W. O. Finkbine. The factory will be started in a few days, with a full crew. The product will be handled by an agent of the company in Chicago. The new firm is as solid financially as a rock, and go into the business with a full knowledge of its demands, and if they do not make a success of it no one can. The name of the new organization is the Rhinelander Kindling Company.

Six first-class cows for sale. Enquire of S. Kelley.

Creamery butter at Reed's.

Fresh eggs, dairy and creamery butter at Jewell's.

Joe Crowe has commenced logging his homestead.

A fine lot of baking powder at a bargain, at Jewell's.

C. V. Bardeen, Willis Silverthorn, G. D. Jones, and Neal Brown, of the Wausau bar, were in town this week.

There are between five and six hundred pupils enrolled in the public schools of Rhinelander.

The communion service at the Congregational church for Nov. 1st, has postponed for two weeks.

A small assessment on the Advancement Association stock has been called. It will be used for an excellent purpose.

Bottled goods, such as pickles, chowchow, olives, pepper sauce, onions, marmalade, salad dressing, English jam, etc., at cost, at Jewell's.

Chris Eby has two logging contracts to let on favorable terms. One is a million job and the other three million.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will serve one of their excellent suppers next Wednesday evening, from 5 until 6 o'clock, at the church parlors. Everybody are cordially invited.

Try Reed's bread and baked goods. They have the largest and best assortment in the city baked expressly for them by an experienced baker. A trial will convince you of their superior quality.

The Appleton Post wants people to be on the lookout for a young lady who goes about from house to house selling groceries by sample and representing herself to be an agent of the Wholesale Dealers' Association.

M. E. Lennon, the West Superior lawyer, of whom so much has been said lately, has returned to his home in the above city. He has been traveling in Colorado for his health upon the urgent advice of his physician.

C. F. Gardiner & Co. have taken a contract for putting in five million feet of pine near Cavour, on the Soo Line. The company of the firm is S. H. Bowman, of the Soo Lumber Co. They will begin operations at once.

The water-reserve decision sets particularly well in Rhinelander. From the first the people here maintained that the actual settler showed the best intention and would secure the land. It means thousands of dollars to citizens of this place. It is pretty rough on Wausau, but then we'll try and stand that.

Just the Thing.

Pure buckwheat flour and Vermont maple syrup and sugar at Reed's.

Taken Up.

One brindle cow, with black head, about 8 years old. Owner can have same by paying charges.

E. B. CROFOOT.
Rhinelander, Wis., Oct. 24, 1891.

Yapp-Grant.

Miss Eveline Grant and Ted Yapp, both of this city, were married Saturday evening by Rev. Mr. Humphreys. They have the good wishes of their many friends.

Strayed.

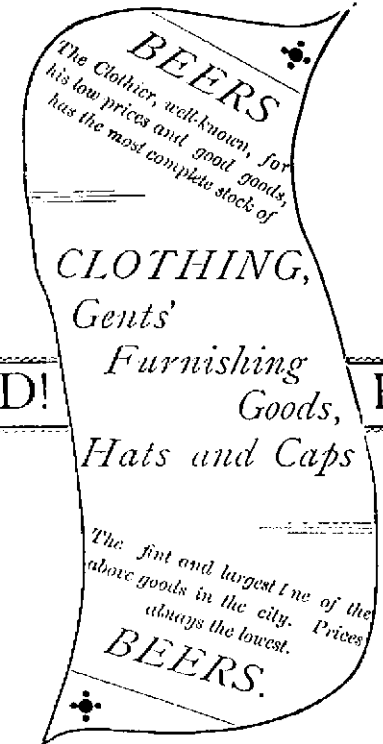
A Jersey cow, fawn color, with white spots on sides and flank. Has a strap around neck with sleigh bell attached. Supposed to have gone towards Rhinelander or Tomahawk. A liberal reward will be paid to anyone giving information that will lead to her return.

VAYNEY & LEE L'E'R CO.,
Hazelhurst, Wis.

Another Body Found.

The number of people who have died in the Forests of Northern Wisconsin from exposure, becoming lost or by foul play, must considerably greater than is generally supposed. Each season two or three bodies are found and invariably all efforts at identification fail. Another was added to the list this week. It was found in 37-7, near where D. W. McNaughton is starting camp. The body was of a man, apparently of medium height, well dressed, and middle-aged. Nothing which would lead to his identification was found, and after viewing the remains the coroner ordered them buried there. The body had evidently laid there for several months.

Sweet cider at Reed's.

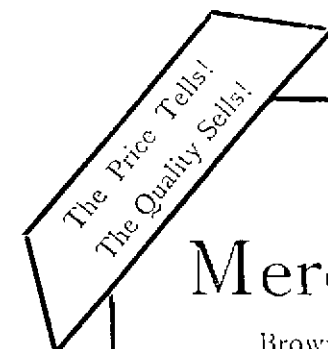


Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade. Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.



J. B. SCHELL,

Merchant Tailor!

Brown Street, Rhinelander.

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths always on hand. If you want a first-class perfect-fitting suit call on me.

Real Estate Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each. Also many of the finest Business Sites. Time given purchasers who intend building. Time given purchasers who intend buying. Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

... LOANS ...

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

- - INSURANCE - -

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Davenport Street.

PAUL BROWNE.

KATYDIOS.

On a bough in a tree,
Katydid, one, two, three,
Singing shrill, persistently,
Katy, Katy, Katy did,
Katy, Katy, Katy did,
She did, she did, didn't she?

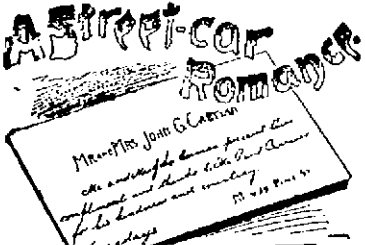
The heavens dark overhead,
Starry lights beauty shed,
Underneath this canopy
Sing Katydids, one two, three,
Katy, Katy, Katy did,
Katy, Katy, Katy did,
She did, she did, didn't she?

Katy, Katy, Katy did,
Katy didn't, didn't we,
Katy wouldn't be missed
By any connoisseurs overhead,
Katy didn't, didn't we,
Katy did, she did, she did,
To say she didn't we forgot,
She did, she did, O Katy did.

The beautiful moon rose in the east,
Over upon Night a bright robed priest;
But all the night the song never cea-ed,
O Katydid, O Katydid,
O Katy did, she did, she did,
No, Katy didn't, didn't we.

And never Katy made so bold
To answer all the stars to hold
From twilight till to night grown old,
And merged in morning's rising gold,
Katy, Katy, Katy did,
Katy, Katy, Katy did,
She did, she did, didn't she?

—Annanda M. Boots, in Good Housekeeping.



"TICKETS!" shouted the smart young conductor, as he elbowed his way through the passengers standing in a car which was being drawn swiftly up California street.

It was about half-past five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon that I found myself inside a car filled with men returning from business, scattered among whom was a sprinkling of members of the fairer sex, who, incumbered with their innumerable purchases and wrapped up in cloaks, allowed only the tips of their noses to appear over their long coats of fur or feathers. It was one of those cold, foggy evenings that make pedestrians hurry along at top speed, while the policemen at the corners of the streets tramp up and down to keep themselves warm. The ladies seemed to have great difficulty in bringing their purses out from their small muffs or from their deep pockets, and a continuous string of apologies, caused by endeavors of their benumbed hands to obtain hold of the nickels for their fares.

"Why, where is my purse? You haven't got it, have you, Ethel?" exclaimed a sweet-voiced lady of middle age, after a hasty search in her muff and a lengthy exploration of the mysterious depths of her handsome gown.

"No, mamma."

"Then some one must have stolen it, or, perhaps, I have left it in some of the shops—down at the White House, probably."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the lady who had spoken, and the conductor began to look very knowing.

"Haven't you got any money?" he demanded, in a gruff tone.

"No, I have lost my purse, which contained all the money I have about me. But my husband will pay for us in the morning, or I will send the money to the office at once on returning home."

"Can't do it, ma'am," replied the conductor. "You've got to pay now or get out and walk."

"Here, conductor," I said, tendering him a dime; and then, turning to the elderly lady, I added: "It is the rule of the company, madam. The conductor can never give credit to passengers. I hope you will permit me to spare you the annoyance of having to get out at this hour."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the lady, "and I accept your kind offer willingly. Will you be good enough to give me your address, that I may discharge without delay this small debt?"

"Oh, it is a mere nothing, madam," I said; "I will be very well satisfied if



I GAVE HER THE TICKETS.

you will give the sum to the first poor person you meet."

"Oh, not at all, sir, I must insist—"

Under such pressure I could hardly refuse, and as the car was now approaching Hyde street, where I transferred to the cross-town line, I took the three transfers the conductor gave me, and, confused by the deep interest of the other passengers, now all eyes and ears, I hastily drew out a card and, raising my hat, extended it, with two transfers, to the lady. But it was the young girl who, blushing deeply, took them.

The following day I had almost forgotten the incident, when among my letters I found one, in an unknown handwriting, bearing the city postmark. I opened it and saw, attached to the top corner of the visiting card

inclosed, five two-cent postage stamps.

On the card was printed:

MR. AND MRS. JOHN G. CARMAN.

While underneath was written:

Mr. and Mrs. Carman present their compliments and thanks to Mr. Paul Barnard for his kindness and courtesy.

Tuesdays.

No. — Pine street.

I put the card aside on my desk, under a vase of violets, and it was not till one morning, nearly a week later, that I came across it again.

Now, every day you meet people in a street car whom you look at for an instant with more or less attention; but, in my case, I had hardly had a glimpse of the mother or the daughter, and had not even the faint idea if they were pretty or otherwise. From their accent and manner, however, there could be no doubt they were of the upper world—but, after all, of what interest could they be to me?

Nevertheless, I did feel interested, so why should I attempt to deny it? Their address had been given to me, and also their day at home. The address was printed, but "the day" was written in a modern, angular English hand. Not so the lines of thanks; the handwriting there was the delicate, precise hand that young misses were taught thirty years ago. The mother had certainly written them.

But who had written "the day?" I became curious. How could I find out? Yes, there was a way. But to call on people with whom I had only exchanged a few words, almost on the street, and who, in a week, might have forgotten both my name and my face, was rather a delicate matter. Then I should have to undergo the torture of feeling myself an intruder, as the servant would announce me in the reception room where, perhaps, half-a-dozen ladies, unknown to me, would look me over from head to foot as I advanced, as if to ask: "Who is this person, and where does he come from?"

When I thought it well over, however, I reflected that there had been occasion to talk of me, and, at the name of Paul Barnard, Mrs. Carman would know very well who I was. At



I WAS USHERED IN.

all events, I determined to renew the acquaintance, and so the following Tuesday found me at the door of No. — Pine street.

I must confess I did feel rather uneasy when my inquiry "Mrs. Carman?" brought the answer: "Yes, sir; I take your card, sir," and was presently ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where I proceeded to pull myself together while awaiting Mrs. Carman.

Since then some months have passed. "Paul, what are you writing there?" "A little story, darling."

"Let me see."

"No, no—not yet."

But she had looked over my shoulder, and a small hand soon covered my eyes, while an arm slipped around my neck and her soft lips pressed mine.

"Oh, you naughty boy! But just wait a minute."

She disappeared laughing, and came back quickly with a blue sachet, from which she drew out two pink street-car transfers.

"You see, I've kept them safely—you did not think I had thrown them away, dear? The first Tuesday I cried all night. If you had not come the second—"

"Well, what would you have done, Ethel?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, do."

"You won't be cross? Well, I would have sent you one of them by post."

"How jolly! And Mrs. Carman knew—"

"No, no no! She was ever so surprised when you called. It was I who, before closing the envelope, secretly wrote at the foot of the card 'Tuesdays.' Are you sorry?"

(And then there is the sound of kissing).—San Francisco Argonaut.

ANTIQUITY OF CIVILIZATION.

Evidences of Organized States in Prehistoric Times.

We cannot but be struck with the immense antiquity of civilization in western Asia, whence, as a center, trade, art and literature spread westward to the Greeks and Italians, and eastward to India and China. The monuments show us that at least as early as 2500 B. C. distinct civilizations existed in Chaldea, in Syria and in Egypt. It is true that the early date which has been assigned to Menees, by scholars who reckon thirty years as the average reign of an Egyptian monarch (whereas the dated reigns often do not exceed five or six), rests on no secure basis, and extravagant estimates, based on equally unsafe deductions, have been offered by some of our cuneiform scholars, who would carry back Akkadian civilization to 4000 B. C.; but these extravagancies do not discredit the facts which are deduced from better data, and which show that even earlier than the period usually assigned as the time when the pastoral Hebrew patriarchs found their way along the Euphrates and through Syria to Egypt, there were organized states, walled towns, chariots and horses, riches of gold and silver, bronze and iron, of corn, wine and oil, not only among the Akkadians and in Egypt but also in Phoenicia and in Palestine.—Edinburgh Review.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Humboldt calculated the mean level of North America to be 743 feet above the sea, and he found that in 4,500,000 years the whole of North America might be worn down to the sea level.

—A strong wind prevents the formation of dew, by keeping the air well mixed, and leaving no part of it in contact with the ground long enough to become cool and deposit moisture.

—Oregon farmers are coming to the conclusion that there is more money to be made in horticulture than in any other branch of farming and are rapidly turning their grain fields into orchards.

—It is estimated that the total tonnage which will pass through the Nicaragua canal when completed will be ten million tons per annum. This is equal to five large ships, and fifteen abips of ordinary size a day.

—Some plants appear to be able to grow and develop in total darkness. A committee of the Royal Horticultural society has been told of hyneloths that developed colored flowers, although prevented by some accident from coming above the ground.

—New Orleans agents of Louisiana and Mississippi lumber mills have contracted for the delivery of 50,000,000 feet of pine lumber to the German government within eighteen months. This enormous amount is said to be for the construction of railroads in that country.

—In sandy soil the greatest success is met with in utilizing a stream of water from a hose to bore the way for the sinking of piles. The nozzle is secured to the heel of the pile and the stream turned on. The pile sinks rapidly, and the sand packing about it renders it perfectly solid.

—In Japan the artists are more numerous than the artisans, and receive less pay. The great wood carvers earn \$1 a day, but capable carvers of less brilliancy are satisfied with 35 or 40 cents, upon which they can live satisfactorily. The entire Japanese race is of artistic taste, and wood carvers have in recent times entered upon a new era of prosperity.

—A long study of the parallax of Arcturus has led Dr. Elkin of Yale university to conclude that this star travels with the inconceivable velocity of 331 miles a second, or twenty-one times faster than the earth moves in its orbit round the sun. Arcturus proves to be so distant, that its light, traveling 100,000 miles a second, must take 181 years to reach us.

—The aquatic plant, the bladderwort, feeds on animal life. The tiny bladders attached to the leaves and leaf stalks are each furnished with a door, the whole acting on the cat-trap principle. Any small water creature that ventures to peep in is seized in the clutches of the murderous plant, and is at once swallowed and assimilated.

—A new departure is being made on some of the leading railway lines. It is found that the great fault of the flagman is to waste his time and divert his attention in conversation with his cronies, and at various highway crossings two-story towers are being erected for the gatekeepers. From these pneumatic gates will be worked, and the services of the flagmen, though deprived of their amenities, will be more trustworthy from the exalted perch.

—Considerable olive oil is manufactured in Northern Persia in the province of Gilan. There are about one hundred thousand olive trees and these produce from six to nine pounds of olives yearly. Only about seventeen per cent. of the weight of the olives of good oil can be obtained by the Persian presses. This gives a crop of about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds. After the good oil is extracted, the olives are pressed again and the oil is used in making soap. The residue is used as a manure around the trees.

—The laughing plant is the name of a plant growing in Arabia, and, according to the Medical Times, is so called by reason of the effect produced upon those who eat its seeds. The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers, and soft velvety seed-pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows dry these seeds and reduce them to powder. A dose of this powder has similar effects to those arising from the inhalation of laughing gas. It causes the most sober person to dance, shout, and laugh with the boisterous excitement of a madman, and to rush about cutting the most ridiculous capers for about an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in, and the excited person falls asleep, to awake after several hours with no recollection of his antics.

Too Old.

"Ma," said the smart ten-year-old boy, at the dinner-table, as he picked up an ear of corn, "I don't want this corn."

"Why not, my son?"

"Because it is too old."

"You are mistaken, my son. It is a very nice and tender ear."

"Sure?"

"Yes. What made you think it was old?"

"O, because it has whiskers on it," he replied, while pulling off some of the silk the cook had left on carelessly.—National Tribune.

Not His Fault.

"Ugh," growled a Jefferson avenue merchant to a clerk who had made a bad break with a good customer, "how old are you, anyhow?"

"Twenty-four, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"In Ohio, sir."

"What day of the year?"

"First of April, sir."

"Poor fellow, you never got over it, did you? I'll not be hard on you this time, but don't let it happen again."—Detroit Free Press.

Burning Questions of the Day.

Assistant—I see the Morning Nerve has an editorial called, "Did Patrick Henry Smoke?"

Editor.—Well, you write one for our to-morrow's edition, and call it "Would Washington Have Made a Good Tennis Player?" We've got to keep our end up, somehow!—Puck.

NEVER JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.



The Summer Boarder—Little boy, I can't swim. Is the water very deep?

The Boy—Haw; only up ter me neck.



"Hill this makes me feel young again."



"Help! help!"



"Little boy, why didn't you tell me you were built like a giraffe?"—Life.

Parting Pangs.

"Good-by, my dear friend, I am going to leave you. I am going to Canada and will probably never come back," said a New York youth to Gilhooley.

"Will I never see you again?"

"Never."

"I say, do me one last favor. Lend me twenty-five dollars."

"O, no; don't let us do anything to increase the pangs of our parting."—Texas Siftings.

Asking Too Much.

"Of course it hurts, Josiah," said Mrs. Clugwater, as she applied the liniment and rubbed it vigorously. "Rheumatism always hurts. You must grin and bear it."

"I'm willing to bear it, Samantha," groined Mr. Clugwater, "but darn me if I'm going to grin."—Chicago Tribune.

An Artist in His Way.

Will.—You don't mean to say you are something of an artist?

Tom (a United States officer)—I do. I'm engaged on a bit of still-life now.

"Great Scott! What is the subject?"

"I'm looking up some moonshine whisky distillers."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

For the Sake of Quiet.

"My daughter admired both law and music, so I had her study law."

"What impelled you to that choice?"

"I think practicing law is quieter than practicing piano playing."—Truth.

Look in Old Shoes.

Boniface—So they threw old shoes at you. Were you lucky?

Nuwed—Yes; there didn't any of them hit us.—Puck.

An Unintentional Compliment.

Sparkles (the sport)—I say, you're no gent.

Robinson—Thank heaven!—Puck.

PROOF POSITIVE.



Hebrew Creditor (to McScribble's little boy)—My little boy, ish your fodder at home?

Tommy—Where else would he be? Don't you see me taking his shoes to the shoemaker to get mended? Expect him to go around barefooted?—Texas Siftings.

About Even.

Physician (sitting down to lunch)—The kitchen French on this bill of fare, John, is simply vile.

Waiter (formerly a druggist's clerk)—Yes, sir. It's the beastliest lingo I know of 'cept doctors' Latin.—Chicago Tribune.

Simply Superfluous.

Younghusband—If I were you, my dear, I wouldn't tell my friends I had trimmed that hat myself.

Mrs. Younghusband—Why, love, would it be conceited?

Younghusband—No; superfluous.—Life.

Society Note.

Old man Snobblerly of Fifth avenue came home one day last week and found his wife in despair, shedding bitter tears, etc.

"What's the matter? Any misfortune occurred?"

"Just think of it, our Gus, the pride of our life, has gone and—"

"And what? Speak! Don't keep me in suspense!"

"He has gone and engaged himself to a sewing girl."

"You don't say so. Why, this is something appalling!"

"They say that she is respectable."

"Respectable! Worse and worse. He may bring disgrace on us by actually marrying her."—Texas Siftings.

Disheartening.

District Attorney (disgruntled)—Well, this job sickens me. I'm going to hand in my resignation at once.

Friend—Why, what's the matter?

District Attorney—Well, here I've worked night and day on this murder case, and had just succeeded in getting such a complete chain of evidence that any jury would have convicted the accused without leaving the jury box, when along comes a substantiated confession from a man who has just died in the penitentiary that he committed the murder, and my six months' hard work goes for nothing.—Judge.

Modern Improvements.

Mr. Citiman—You have a very fine trout pond, I understand.

Mr. Wayback—Yes, sir. I raise trout for a living.

"What do you charge for fishing in it?"

"Don't allow no strangers to fish in it. Might catch th' wrong kind, you know."

"But I was told this was a good place for a day's sport."

"Y'r right about that. You and y'r friend go over to that there arbor, an' take it easy. My wife'll bring ye out a bottle of whisky an' some glasses. At about traid time I'll fill yer basket with fish, lift ye inter the wagon, an' drive ye to the depot."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Fool Two Ways.

Jinks—Well, if ever there was a fool, that man is one. He's worth a cool million, yet there he stands waiting for a newsboy to bring him two cents change out of a nickel he gave the boy for a three-cent paper.

Illinks—Well, he is a fool. Of course he'll never see that boy again.—Democrat's Magazine.

Concerning the Home Plate.

Mr. Root (after luncheon)—That leg of mutton of ours made a good baseball run, Maria.

Mrs. Root—Baseball run? What do you mean?

Mr. Root—It's made the rounds of its bases—hot, warmed up, cold and—hash!—Judge.

A Haystack's New Fence.

Mrs. Haystack—Landlubber! Why did you order all that barbed wire fence? You know the cattle will alter be hurtin' themselves.

Farmer Haystack—Now don't have a conception of it, Maria. We've got plenty of ole stuff to wrap the barbs with.—Good News.

She Wasn't Pretty.

He—I don't think a coat like that would become you, Mamie.

She—Why not? You said miss Bright looked simply perfect in hers.

He (the idiot)—Oh, yes, those coats are just the thing for a pretty girl.—Yankee Blade.

A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT.



FORGING A-HEAD.

Our sales for the past week of "CHARTER OAK" STOVES AND RANGES have been unprecedented. The Charter Oak has been forging ahead every day of the forty years that it has been on the market.

Most stove dealers keep them. If yours does not, write direct to manufacturers.

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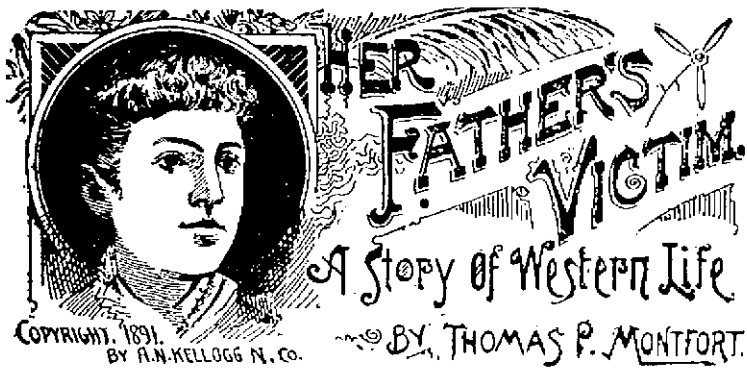
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HER FATHER'S VICTIM

A Story of Western Life

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the soil and plant the crops, full of hope and confidence. With the return of the bright spring sunshine, came back the grand expectations that ever buoy up the hearts of honest, struggling mortals, and the faces of the pioneers shed the cloud of fear and doubt that had hung over them like a dark mantle.

John Green was among the more industrious and persevering of all the farmers in his section. He began work early, and every day he was in his field plowing and planting. He had a double incentive to work, for his family must live and that debt on the farm must be paid. He went at it cheerfully, and as he trudged to and fro across the field in the long furrows, singing blithely, no one would have guessed what pangs of trouble had racked his soul all through the long, tedious winter. He was not of a brooding disposition, and even under the most trying circumstances he could feel cheerful so long as there was ever so dim a ray of light before him. He had work to do now, and there was a prospect of good results, so he felt confident once more, and in the thought of the bright future which his fancy painted he lost sight of the hardships of the present.

"It is a long lane, Mary," he sometimes said, "that has no turn, and I believe in our case the turn is near at hand. We have had a long siege of misfortunes, but I think we have about reached the end of the list. The prospects are flattering for an abundant crop, and with the amount of stuff I have in cultivation we only want a fair yield to enable us to pay off the mortgage and have plenty left to tide us over the year. We'll come out all right yet, and within a short time be comfortably fixed with a good house and plenty of everything to live on. Why, what's a little hard time, anyhow? It doesn't amount to anything and is soon over, and it doesn't hurt us any, but only makes us appreciate our good fortunes all the more when they do come. Inside of two years we can look back on the past few months and laugh over our privations and wonder what it was we fretted about. We'll come out all right."

And John went off to his work singing as happy as a king, and Mary looked after him smilingly, equally as confident as he.

Paul, too, applied himself to his work, and as he plodded after the plow he dreamed of the future, of the time when he should be a doctor and have a cozy little home with Louise for his mistress. Ambition or love, ought either to be sufficient to urge a man on to his best endeavors; but when they combine, as they did in Paul's case, there is no telling what strength they will put into a man's arm nor what determination into his heart.

Thus it was that among all the settlers on that great level plain there were none that devoted themselves more sedulously to work than John and Paul, and as the season advanced and the spring months gave place to those of summer, there were no fields in all the settlement that looked more flourishing or promising than theirs. And each of these men, sanguine natured as they were, counted the victory won, and each in his way made his plans for the future and constructed innumerable castles in the air.

Every Sunday now Paul came to John Green's house, for it was distinctly understood all around that Paul and Louise were to marry by and by, though not a word relative to the matter had passed between their parents. Often the young people read from the same book, as they sat on a bench outside the house, and on such occasions they seemed to have a vast amount of difficulty in making out the words, for they brought their eyes close down to the page, their faces almost touching, and the words they sometimes pronounced were not printed on the page at all. But every person who has courted knows how that is.

One day Paul and Louise went for a stroll on the prairie. It was a clear, calm Sabbath, such as summer Sabbaths usually are, and a misty haze glanced about near the green earth. They walked on and on, mile after mile, and at last coming to the road that ran over toward Paradise Park, they turned into that and went on to the east.

"About the 1st of September," Paul was saying, "I shall be ready to go back to school. There will be a year of separation, and it will seem long, but when it is passed I will come back and build up a home, and then we will marry and settle down in it to live as happy as can be."

Louise gave a little start, and after casting a hurried glance at Paul, looked down and blushed. Paul noticed her manner, and thinking it due to embarrassment went on:

"I have not forgotten, Louise, what you told me your mother said, and I do

not ask you to promise me anything—not until the year is out. I am quite satisfied without it, for I know that you love me, and it requires no words to reveal your heart to me, and no promise to make me understand that you will be my wife."

"I do love you, Paul," Louise said, "with all the fervor of my nature, and I will never love you less. You are so good and noble. But, Paul, you—"

"What is it, Louise?" Paul asked.

"—I don't know," Louise replied. "I suppose I am foolish, Paul, but I can't help it. I am so common and insignificant, and you will be thrown among so many women who are beautiful and accomplished."

For a moment Paul was unable to understand the girl's words, but after a time a light began to break on his mind, and with a light, cheerful laugh he drew her closer to him and said:

"And so you think I will be so blinded and dazzled by the beauty and accomplishments of other women that I shall forget my little girl away off out here on the plains? Is that the brilliant idea that has edged its way into your mind?"

Louise walked on some distance before she replied, half vexed at herself for uttering words that showed she doubted Paul's constancy, and half glad that she had uttered them, as it gave him an opportunity of reasserting his love for her. Louise was an uncommonly sensible person, but the most sensible girls love to play the coquette just a little. Finally, after the lapse of a minute or so, she looked up into Paul's face and said:

"Why shouldn't you, Paul?"

"Why shouldn't I forget you?"

"Yes."

"Then I will ask why should I?"

"Because, Paul, I am so insignificant and small, and you can win the love of whom you please. I know there must be grand ladies out in the world, and as compared with them, I am so common. You cannot help but see the difference and know how much more worthy of your love they are than I."

At this point Paul placed his hand over her mouth and stopped her speech. "There, you have gone far enough," he said, "and I will not hear another word. I have done nothing to deserve so poor an opinion from you, and you have no right to talk so. I would never have such an opinion of you, Louise, never."

Paul spoke like one very deeply hurt, and in an instant Louise was all contrition. She saw that she had wounded Paul, and she would not hurt him for the world. She was anxious to make amends, but she was at a loss how to proceed, and again they walked on in silence. She thought of various things to say, but none of them were suited to the occasion, and so at last,



FAIR FROM HOME.

when the long silence was becoming oppressive and she felt that something must be said, she decided to come out boldly and beg his forgiveness. Laying her hand on his arm she looked wistfully into his face, and with lips all a-tremble, said:

"Paul, I am a silly thing, and you must not mind what I say. I do not mean to doubt you, dear, good Paul, and I want you to forgive me, will you, Paul, and forget what I was foolish enough to say?"

It would have required an iron will to withstand that tender little appeal, spoken in such a soft tone, and those mild brown eyes looking so sorrowfully up from beneath their long dark lashes. It was not in the nature of things for Paul to hold out against it for an instant, and like a flash the cloud went from his face and it shone out again all light and smiles.

"There, there, Louise," he said, "it is all right. I was sure you couldn't have so poor an opinion of me, and I'm sorry that I said anything to hurt you. We'll forget it all and never think of it again."

And Paul bent to kiss the rosy lips which Louise turned up to him, and the little misunderstanding was at an end. Yes, so far as Paul was concerned it

was, but a little shade of doubt remained in Louise's heart and rankled for a long time after.

CHAPTER VII. OUT IN A STORM.

The lovers had gone quite a distance from home, walking on in that unmindful way, so wrapped up in thoughts of more important things, that they entirely forgot about time and distance. Lovers never did have any consciousness of time, and it always seems that when a couple become deeply engrossed in each other's society and grow oblivious to time, the little sprites plays them a trick and goes skimming along running hours into minutes and minutes into seconds. Such was the way he treated Paul and Louise that day, and when eventually they did come back to their surroundings they found that it was almost night, with the sun hanging like a great red ball low down in the sky, but a few feet from the earth, seemingly.

Louise was greatly surprised and shocked when she saw how late it had grown, and expressed a wish to return home with all possible speed.

"Ah, Paul," said she, "how could you treat me so? Why didn't you turn back before this?"

"Why didn't you call my attention to the fact that it was getting so late?" Paul said in reply.

"—I didn't know it. I wasn't noticing."

"Neither did I know it. But it doesn't matter, Louise, for the moon will shine out bright tonight and we are in no danger of getting lost."

"Are you sure of that, Paul?"

"Sure of which, Louise?"

"Why, that the moon will shine out."

"Why, I think it does. It ought to, anyhow, and I reckon it will."

Louise had some doubts on the point, and misgivings took possession of her. What if it became quite dark, and they so far from home with no road the greater part of the way to guide them back? She began to worry and fret, and Paul began to console and comfort. Thus they went along for a mile or so, and Louise began to feel more cheerful. But directly she espied a dark cloud stealing up in the south. Only the edge of it was visible as yet, but it was steadily approaching and bade fair to mantle the heavens within an hour.

"Paul," she said, "what shall we do? There will be no moon, and the night will be cloudy. Ah, we shall get lost and not get home till morning. What will pa and mamma think?"

"Don't, Louise," Paul replied. "Be calm, and don't fret. I'm sorry that we came so far, but we shall get back all right. Are you tired?"

"No, not a bit."

"Then let's walk fast while it is light and get as far towards home as possible. There will be a light in the window at your house, and if we get near enough to see that we will have no trouble in finding the way, even if it is dark."

They hurried on as fast as they could, and before the night came on they had traversed several miles of the way. They were hurrying on thus, when just as the twilight began to fall they heard the fall of a horse's feet behind them, and soon thereafter a man on horseback came clattering up. They thought he was going to pass without speaking, but when he had got in front of them he checked his horse, and turning in the saddle so as to face them, lifted his hat, saying:

"Excuse me, but could you inform me whether I am on the road leading to Paradise Park?"

"You are," replied Paul.

"Thanks, can you give me the distance?"

"A matter of a dozen miles, I presume."

The stranger asked no more questions, and, evidently having gained all the information he desired, Paul expected him to ride on. But he did not. He went along slowly for several yards, retaining the same position in the saddle and keeping his eyes fixed on the couple. Louise had not dared to look at him after the first glance she gave him when he came up, for somehow she felt that his eyes were fixed on her, and she felt an undefinable dread of him, and longed to be rid of his presence. After awhile the stranger broke the silence, saying:

"A dozen miles. That is a long ride, and this is going to be a bad night, too. It will be terribly dark, and I think it will rain, don't you?"

"It may possibly," Paul replied. "Are you a stranger in this section?"

"Yes, entirely so. I am just out from the east and came up from the railroad to-day. You live near, I suppose?"

"Yes, quite near."

Then they went on silently again, and Louise kept wishing that the stranger would ride away and leave them. His presence and his voice bored her and made her nervous. Paul felt that his company could very well be spared and he would rather have him go, but he had no particular objection to his presence. He experienced none of that aversion for him that Louise felt.

"Are you acquainted," asked the stranger, again breaking the pause, "with Solomon Soraggs over at Paradise Park?"

"I am," said Paul, "and I suppose most anyone in this section can tell you the same. The most of them know him quite well, and they would perhaps be a great deal happier if they knew him less."

"So? Then he is not popular?"

"No, nor would any other man be under the circumstances."

"What is that, may I ask?"

"Why, loaning money to the settlers at thieving rates of interest. He just robs every man who borrows from him."

"You don't say? why he must have an iron heart, to take advantage of people that way. Catches them in a close place, I suppose, and then bears down on them to the last notch?"

"That's it, exactly," said Paul.

"Then he is a merciless miscreant," the other replied. "A heartless wretch, and I sympathize with those who are so unfortunate as to fall into his power. Indeed I do. Well, I must ride on, for my journey is a long one yet."

With that he put the spurs to his horse and galloped away. Louise listened until he was out of hearing, then gave a sigh of relief. Paul heard her and looked around inquiringly.

"I'm glad he's gone," she said.

"Why?" asked Paul.

"Because I don't like him."

"He appears to be a gentleman," Paul urged, "and I'm sure he treated us very respectfully. I like the way he talked about old Soraggs, too."

"Oh, he talked well enough, but I don't believe he meant it. I didn't like his looks from the first."

"Well, I didn't notice anything particular in his looks. He is young and very good looking. What was there about him that you didn't like, Louise?"

"I don't know. I just know that I don't like him, and I was glad when he left us. I had a sort of dread and fear of him. But he's gone now, so let's not talk about him any more."

Louise's fancy struck Paul as rather ridiculous, for he was very matter of fact in his ideas, and he never counted anything on first impressions. He put every man down for what he claimed to be until he knew him well enough to understand his character and motives. He judged that on account of her situation Louise was out of humor with the world and not in a frame of mind to form favorable opinions of anyone.

They talked but little after that, and walked at such speed that Louise soon became exhausted. The night had come on now, and off in the south the cloud was stealing up, while ever and anon a low growl of thunder rolled slowly from the east to the west and vivid forks of lightning streaked the heavens.

"Paul," Louise said, "what shall we do? We shall be lost out here, and never find our way home."

"We must go on, Louise, and do the best we can. Perhaps we may find the way."

Again they moved forward, but with slow step, for with fatigue, fright and



"I'M GLAD HE'S GONE," SHE SAID.

anxiety, Louise was trembling so that she could hardly bear her weight. The cloud spread out, and soon the whole heavens was obscured. The thunder grew louder and more frequent until it became terrific, and the lightning flashed incessantly. Then directly it began to rain. First a few large, scattering drops fell, but in a moment this was followed by a swift dash, and a regular downpour succeeded. A stout breeze sprang up, sweeping the rain along in great sheets, and blinding Paul and Louise, who were compelled to face it.

For an hour they kept on, and all the time their speed grew less and less, until at last Louise, who had exerted herself to the full of her strength, sank to the ground. In an instant Paul was on his knees at her side holding her head in his arms and sheltering her face with his hat.

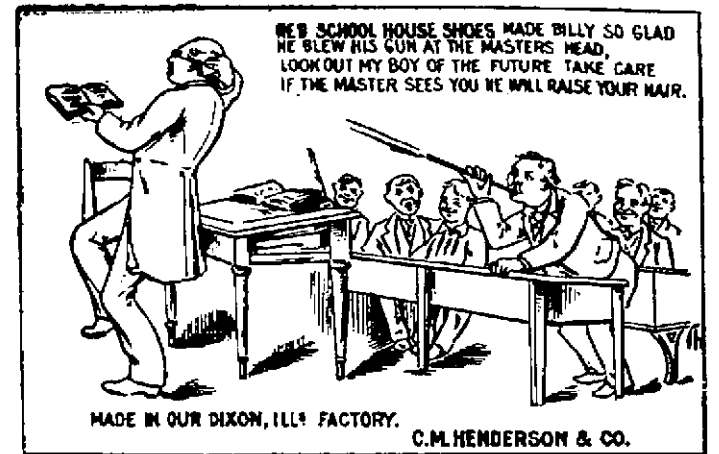
"I can't go any further," she whispered; "not another step."

"Then rest here," Paul replied. "The rain will blow over directly and then we can go on. I'm glad it's so warm, for the rain won't hurt us, and we shall be none the worse for the wetting. We won't care for it when it is over, and tomorrow we can laugh about our adventure."

But it was not the wetting or the mere fact of being lost that worried Louise. She realized that it was not the proper place for her, out there in the night alone with her lover, and she dreaded what her parents would think. She never had been guilty of an act that would shake their confidence, and she felt that it would break her heart if she should know they harbored even the faintest suspicion of her. All this came through her mind and she broke into tears and sobs.

Paul tried to comfort her, never seeing beyond the bodily inconveniences of the hour. Honest, openhearted soul that he was, a thought of the impropriety of the situation never came to him. He never thought of what others might say or think; but knowing the purity of his own motives took it for granted that everybody else would see the affair in its true light.

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NEW NORTH.

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The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

DOMESTIC.

The brewery of Joseph Schneider and six dwellings at New Brunswick, N. J., were burned, the loss being \$100,000.

Prof. J. C. Russell and his exploring party arrived at Port Townsend, Wash., from Alaska. The party was absent five months, and in that time lost six men.

John Ross was lynched at Columbia, La., for killing Miss Hager Sterling.

Attempts were made to wreck three different trains on the Iowa Central near Marshalltown, Ia., by placing timbers on the track.

Brig. Gen. Stanley, commanding the department of Texas, in his annual report to the war department says more troops are needed on the border.

The United States supreme court has advanced the case of Boyd vs. Thayer, which involves the eligibility of Boyd to the governorship of Nebraska, and the arguments will be heard on the first Monday in November.

In his annual report to the secretary of the interior Gov. L. Bradford Prince, of the territory of New Mexico, insists that New Mexico is entitled to statehood.

Mr. Murray, the United States special agent, was meeting with considerable success in his efforts to introduce Indian corn into Germany.

Margaret and Bridget Green, aged sisters, died in Boston of starvation. Although offered food repeatedly by their neighbors, they were so proud they always refused to accept.

Fifty cases of diphtheria, with eleven deaths, were reported at Noblesville, Ind.

Sunkin, Bonner's wonderful mare, trotted a mile in 2:05 1/2 at Stockton, Cal., beating her own record of 2:10 made a week ago and lowering the world's record of Mamie S. of 2:05 1/2 by half a second.

The final session of the Methodist Ecumenical council was held in Washington.

A woman about 25 years old committed suicide by throwing herself from the top of the Washington monument at Baltimore, Md.

Ala. but eighteen of the forty-four states in the union have adopted the Australian ballot system.

An explosion of natural gas in a building in Allegheny, Pa., injured five persons, two of them fatally.

Mayor Berry and the entire city council of Newport, Ky., were sent to jail for six months for contempt of court.

The warehouse of the Speer Wine Company at Passaic, N. J., was burned, the loss being \$100,000.

The four children of John Long, a farmer near Leno Rock, Ala., were burned to death by the house taking fire during the absence of their parents.

A fire in the Wallabout market in Brooklyn, N. Y., caused a loss of \$250,000.

Ross Conner, a farmer 80 years old, was lunked out of \$3,000 near Lima, O., by a couple of sharks who secured his signature to a note for that amount.

As a result of the trouble between the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company a new organization to be known as the National Press association was effected in New York with Charles A. Dana at its head.

The warehouse of Hardwell, Robinson & Co., cash and door manufacturers at Minneapolis, was burned, the loss being \$100,000.

Two laborers were killed by a smash-up on the Wabash railway at Forrest Hill, Ill.

Frank H. Hooker, of New Haven, Conn., was elected president of the National Carriage Makers' association in session at Cincinnati.

Major Gen. Schofield in his annual report to the secretary of war recommends the reorganization of the army. He also recommends that the enlistment of Indians be continued.

Further advices state that four persons lost their lives and twenty-three were injured by the accident on the Burlington road at Monmouth, Ill.

Women of Haverthwaite, Kan., tore the posters and lithographs of the London Gaiety Girls from the bill-boards and denounced those who attended the performance as social outcasts.

Near St. Johns, Md., a Baltimore & Ohio passenger train was wrecked by the spreading of the rails and the engineer and fireman were killed and another person fatally injured.

Two colored hostlers were asphyxiated by natural gas in their beds at Allegheny City, Pa.

The congress of the Eastern Texas Express Company at Greenville, Tex., was burned, together with 3,000 bales of cotton, entailing a loss of \$250,000.

Dunker defeated Hal Pointer at Nashville, Tenn., in three straight heats, pacing the second mile in 2:00 1/2, the best time ever made in a harness race.

Franks in the building occupied by the Oxidized Acid Company at Cleveland, O., caused a loss of \$100,000.

Dr. Franklin D. Clark, an old and wealthy resident of Chicago, committed suicide by asphyxiation. Family troubles were the supposed cause.

A monument to the late Henry W. Grady was unveiled at Atlanta, Ga.

A misplaced switch on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway near Boone, Ia., injured several persons.

In a special report on the operations of the weather bureau Chief Harrington shows that on September 30 there were 1,200 weather signal display stations in operation, and in addition there were over 2,000 voluntary observers reporting to the weather bureau.

The bank of Lewisburg, Tenn., has failed, with liabilities of \$50,000 and assets of \$125,000.

The village of Animas Forks, Col., was destroyed by fire.

The boiler of a thrashing machine exploded at Mayville, N. D., killing six men and badly injuring two others.

The post office at Brookston, Minn., was robbed of \$5,000 in money and registered letters.

John C. Holmes, of Pittsburgh, was elected president of the National Street Railway association at the convention in Pittsburgh.

The Anaconda mines and smelters at Anaconda and Butte, Mont., were reopened, giving employment to 3,000 men. The mines had been idle for seven months.

At Telluride, Col., James Mercer, express messenger of the Denver & Rio Grande Southern, was shot and killed by Mrs. A. W. Watson, who then took her own life.

A turtle in Jackson county, Ind., lived four months without food or water.

The Glendale woolen mills at Glendale, Mass., were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$200,000.

An incendiary fire destroyed the courthouse at Childress, Tex., with all the records of Childress and Cottle counties.

The loss of three fishing schooners with their crews of thirty-six men was reported at Gloucester, Mass.

Eugene F. Garcia, aged 70 years, and for twenty-six years paying teller of the Louisiana state bank at New Orleans, was said to be a defaulter to the amount of \$700,000.

J. H. Senos, chief clerk in the treasurer's office of Baltimore county, Md., and two other clerks were indicted for embezzling \$25,000.

A fire at Lancaster, Ky., destroyed the opera house, five business buildings and five residences.

Four destroyed a stable near Rushville, Ind., together with four horses worth \$15,000.

The Forest hotel, the largest and principal hotel at the famous Natural Bridge, Virginia, was destroyed by fire.

The Typotheta of America in session at Cincinnati elected W. O. Shepherd, of Toronto, as president.

At the leading clearing-houses in the United States the exchanges during the week ended on the 23d aggregated \$1,215,156,251, against \$1,170,712,353 the previous week. The decrease as compared with the corresponding week of 1899 was 11.64.

Ten negroes convicted of the murder of Thornton Nance and sentenced to be hanged at Lawrens, N. C., were reprieved, pending an appeal to the supreme court.

The report of the sixth auditor of the treasury for the post office department shows that the postal revenues of the year ended June 30, 1901, were \$65,921,785, against \$69,882,097 in 1899, and the expenditures \$5,739,678, against \$5,048,419 the previous year.

Romert Jordan (colored) was hanged at Hampton, Va., for assaulting Mrs. Moore, a white woman.

It was said that the United States would demand full reparation of Chile for the recent attack upon the crew of the steamer Baltimore at Valparaiso.

In the United States the business failures during the seven days ended on the 23d numbered 249, against 259 the preceding week and 225 for the corresponding week last year.

The number of immigrants arriving in the United States during the month of September was \$2,709, as compared with 35,478 for the corresponding month last year.

George C. McMulling, a farmer living near Almond, Wis., was held up by highwaymen and robbed of \$5,000.

Commissioner Morgan, of the Indian bureau, has designated Mount Pleasant, Isabella county, Mich., as the site for the third and last Indian industrial school.

Abelbert Goheen was hanged at Piquette Falls, Minn., for the murder of Rose Bray on March 23 last.

The United States grand jury at Sioux Falls, S. D., returned eleven indictments against officers of the Louisiana lottery.

Theodore Doerflinger, treasurer of the Seventh ward school board of Pittsburgh, Pa., was said to be \$9,000 short in his accounts.

Christman was said to be entering the United States from Mexico in large numbers.

The schooner Red Wing, of Noank, Conn., was wrecked 100 miles below Lewes, Del., and the entire crew of nine persons were lost.

Two brakemen were killed and two engineers fatally injured in a collision of freight trains on the Northwestern railroad near Lake City, Ia.

Philip Steinmetz, a life prisoner at the penitentiary in Columbus, O., died of heart failure. He was 73 years old and had been in prison twenty-six years.

A peculiar disease has developed in the McGuigan family living near Columbus, Ind. Each member of the family with the right eye can see as great a distance as is possible with a telescope, while with the left eye they cannot recognize objects across the street.

Business throughout the country was said to be remarkably active and constantly increasing.

The merchandise exports from the United States during September were valued at \$92,587,857, against \$68,693,137 during September, 1899. Imports during September were valued at \$61,503,996, against \$75,920,742 during the same month last year.

While digging a public well at Chandler, O. T., a large vein of gold bearing quartz was struck at a depth of 50 feet in the rocky cliff.

The annual report of Brig. Gen. Dabney, commissary general of subsistence in the army, contains a paragraph avowing the necessity for having better cooks for the army.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

RETURN JONATHAN MEINS, appointed clerk of the supreme court of the district of Columbia at its organization in 1863 by President Lincoln, died at Washington in his 90th year.

Patrick Killeen, the heavy-weight pugilist, died in Chicago, aged 25 years. The cause of his death was erysipelas and alcoholism.

Thomas Rooney, the oldest man in Michigan, died at Fremont, aged 109 years.

GUNDREY WELLS GRIFFIN, United States consul to Sydney, New South Wales, died at Louisville, Ky., aged 50 years.

Mrs. Hattie M. Kimball, of Clarksville, W. Va., has been elected president of the Pennsylvania & Harrisville railroad. Mrs. Kimball is the first woman ever elected to such a position in the United States.

REV. WILLIAM HADLEY BROCKWAY died at Albion, Mich., aged 78 years. He was the first minister who rode on the Methodist circuit in Michigan.

JOHN SHORTELL died at Little York, Ind., aged 102 years.

FOREIGN.

The official German crop report shows 12,000,000 bushels less rye and 6,000,000 less wheat than in 1899.

The Freeman's Journal says that there is a strong feeling throughout Ireland in favor of a determined effort in the direction of reconciliation.

The town of Ledo, Germany, was almost totally destroyed by fire. Four hundred houses were in ashes, and almost twice as many families were living in the streets and fields.

The town of Rockow, Russia, was entirely destroyed by fire and five children were burned to death during the conflagration.

The clerical party was defeated by the liberals at the recent election in Chile.

It was reported that Russia had surrounded Constantinople with troops in sufficient number to leave that city practically at the mercy of the czar.

Several lakes near Bangor, Wales, burst their banks and flooded neighboring state quarries, throwing 1,000 workmen out of employment.

Serious anti-Semitic riots were reported at Tchernigoff, Russia, in which thirty Jews were killed, while five hundred suffered either in person or in property.

JOHN T. MOUTON, an American, and Lando Rodriguez and Antonio Vento, Mexicans, engaged in a desperate fight at the San Pablo mine near Buena Ventura, Mex., and all were fatally injured.

W. H. ALLEN & Co., well-known book publishers in London, failed for \$180,000. The house was a century old.

The czar has given 3,000,000 rubles from his private purse for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Russia.

MANY Mexican rivers were out of their banks and great damage had been done by the floods.

As a military train was passing through the town of Reni, in Bessarabia, bombs were thrown on the line, by which ten soldiers were killed and six seriously injured.

EX-UNITED STATES CONSUL JAMES MURRAY, who had lived in St. John, N. B., since his retirement from office, committed suicide by blowing his brains out. Financial trouble was the cause.

SEVERAL villages in the province of Granada, Spain, have been isolated by the floods.

A PASSENGER steamer on the Volga was destroyed by fire near Rybinsk and seven persons perished in the flames.

The notorious bandit Palencuza was killed by soldiers in the San Juan woods near Colon, Cuba.

CHOLERA was epidemic at Amoy, China, hundreds of persons having died, including many English and American missionaries.

A NEW volcano on the island of Pictetaria is 3,800 feet long and is just visible above the surface of the sea.

The Canadian minister of agriculture has asked the governor general to issue a proclamation prohibiting the immigration of Russian Jews to the dominion.

LATER NEWS.

Reparation Demanded.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, Oct. 26.—The United States government today, through Minister Egan, formally demanded reparation from the government of Chile for the attack recently made in Valparaiso upon a number of the seamen of the United States cruiser Baltimore.

The demand made by the United States minister is no informal suggestion that the government at Washington expects some kind of satisfaction for the killing and wounding of the Baltimore's sailors.

It is a friendly but notification, given according to direct orders received from the state department at Washington, that the United States demands an immediate explanation of the whole affair and reparation for the injuries inflicted. Acting upon the instructions sent to him, Mr. Egan presented the Chilean junta with a detailed statement of the results of the investigation made by Capt. Schley, of the Baltimore, and by Mr. Egan himself.

These investigations had shown that Charles Riggan, one of the Baltimore's petty officers, was brutally assaulted by several Chileans while he was riding on a street car. Riggan resisted, but was dragged from the car and murdered by a pistol shot in the arms of his companions. Turnbull, another of the Baltimore's wounded men, who died to-day from his injuries, received no less than eighteen stab wounds in the back, two of them penetrating his lungs.

After giving a full list of the Baltimore's crew who were injured by the mob, Mr. Egan's statement called attention to the fact that thirty-five of the cruiser's crew were, on the day of the riots, arrested, unnecessary violence being used by the police, and that they were detained in custody without due cause.

The young negro who murdered the Lowe family near Queen City, Texas, was arrested the 25th. A mob gathered and took him out and chaining him to a tree, piled fagots about him. The pile was lighted and the wretch burned to death.

SECRETARY BLAINE returned to Washington, and on the 26th resumed duty at his desk.

An entire passenger train near Lyons, France, was thrown over an embankment the 26th. Fifteen persons were killed and fifty were injured.

Four men were killed by a premature blast on the Northern Pacific near Great Falls, Mont., the 26th.

AN INSULT TO OUR FLAG.

The Valparaiso Outrage is so Regarded by the President—Chile Must Make Immediate and Ample Redress or Suffer the Consequences.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Further persistent inquiry of officers of the government in regard to the Valparaiso incident of October 16 shows conclusively that the administration does not regard it as a simple street row for which the Chilean government cannot be held accountable, but as an insult to the honor and flag of the United States, calling for the most vigorous diplomatic treatment.

The official report of the occurrence made by Capt. Schley, of the Baltimore, after a careful investigation of all the surrounding circumstances, shows clearly not only that the assault upon the American sailors was cowardly and unprovoked, but that it was inspired purely by hatred for the uniform they wore and the country it represented; or, in other words, that it was not an attack on them as individuals, but as representatives of the United States.

The authorities at Washington are indignant at the apparent indifference displayed by the Chilean government, and Minister Egan has been instructed to take prompt and vigorous measures to secure proper reparation. He has been fully advised of the position of this government in the matter, and has been instructed to acquaint the Chilean government therewith in the hope that the matter may be amicably adjusted without detriment to the honor of either country.

It is understood that the president insists upon a proper redress for the supposed insult to our national honor, and that unless it is given within a reasonable time Minister Egan will be recalled and all diplomatic relations with Chile suspended.

The president said Saturday night to a visitor that Chile's continued hostility to us had culminated in the murder of one of our sailors and the wounding of a dozen or more and the arrest and incarceration in jail of thirty-five others. He said the time had come when we must teach the Chilean people that our patience in dealing with them is exhausted. He said that after the fall of Balduino the United States was the first country to recognize the new provisional government. So far from appreciating this act of international courtesy, the junta has yet failed to recognize it through its accredited representative here, Senor Pedro Montt. Senor Montt has not presented himself at the state department or in any other manner indicated a desire to reestablish diplomatic intercourse between his country and the United States.

VALPARAISO, Chile, Oct. 26.—Judge Foster, the son of Julio Foster, who is at present in Washington, is conducting the inquiry into the assault committed upon the sailors from the steamer Baltimore in Valparaiso streets by the mob of Chilean man-of-war men and roughs. A reporter tried to get from him the results of his investigation up to date. He said he was debarred by law from making public any details of his inquiry until he had completed it. He says the depositions signed by American sailors contain no complaints against the police, who are suspected of bayoneting some of the Baltimore's men. He declares he is unable to ascertain clearly or definitely how the riot began. All he has so far been able to learn is that two of the American sailors were in a saloon, when high words passed between them and some Chileans who were also in the place. One of the Chileans was knocked down. The row then became general and the police interfered. They did all in their power to stop the fighting, but it soon spread, and the numerous assaults upon American sailors in different parts of the city followed. Judge Foster says that he is extremely desirous to get at the bottom of the unfortunate affair, and especially to discover who shot Boatswain Mate Regan.

HE GETS A DOLLAR.

Ignatius Donnelly Wins a Staggering Victory in His Great Libel Suit.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 26.—The jury in the libel suit of Ignatius Donnelly against the Pioneer Press for \$100,000 damages Saturday night brought in a verdict giving Mr. Donnelly one dollar and allowing him five dollars for counsel fees. The trial has been probably the most famous in legal annals in the northwest, and owing to the prominence of the plaintiff and the matters involved attracted the greatest interest.

Ignatius Donnelly, the famous author and former member of congress, a leader in the Farmers' Alliance and prominently mentioned for the presidential nomination of that party, sued the Pioneer Press for \$100,000 damages on account of the republication on February 10, 1891, of a letter from Col. W. S. King, formerly postmaster of the house of representatives and a man of national reputation, which letter had been first published in the Pioneer Press eleven years previously. It was on account of the allegations of bribery made in that letter that Mr. Donnelly brought the suit, for the greatest amount ever asked in one suit by an individual against a newspaper.

The jury was out three hours, and at one stage stood eleven to one in favor of the Pioneer Press. The case lasted five days, and was closely contested at all points. Mr. Donnelly is said to have been urged to bring the suit by his alliance friends, who insisted he must clear himself of the charges made.

YOUNG HOPKINS DEFEATED.

The Seales Will Allowed to Stand and an Appeal Will Be Taken.

Salem, Mass., Oct. 26.—The first legal battle over the will of the late Mrs. Frances Sherwood Hopkins-Seales ended Saturday with a victory for the legatees, Edwin F. Seales. By the ruling of the court the will is admitted to probate, but the case will be hotly contested on other points which were not admissible in the probate court. When Judge Harrison decided to sustain the will an immediate notice of appeal was given, and the fight for \$75,000,000 may be said to be fairly begun.

MILLIONS IN WANT.

Russians to the Number of 20,000,000 Without Food—The Starving People at the Mercy of Cold-Blooded Shylocks—Women Sell Their Hair for a Meal.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Winter began in Russia on Thursday with the first sharp frost. Javign men cannot remember any other year in which this simple announcement meant what it does now. There are literally millions of human beings, at the furthest within a six days' journey of London, to whom this frost comes as a sentence of death by starvation. Although the censors have forbidden the Russian papers to discuss the famine, the Novosti ventures the declaration that 20,000,000 creatures are already without food.

Statistics prove conclusively that in many places speculators get extortionate prices. Corn merchants and village koolaks, or usurers, are charged with responsibility for the extortion. A Samara paper declares that Jews are angels compared with the koolaks, who are in the habit of reducing those in their power to the lowest stage of poverty. Incidents showing the terrible distress of the people continue to be recorded. A poor woman of Ratchinov, on returning home from a neighboring village, whither she had gone to try to purchase food, found all her children dead, and a post-mortem examination being made their stomachs were found filled with rags and earth. Many villages are completely deserted in the district of Perm. One half of the population of Reusans has died of hunger or disease. An odious traffic is carried on in women's hair, the best heads realizing a crown apiece. In some cases the price of a single meal is eagerly accepted.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 26.—A peculiar feature of the famine now raging is the large exportation of grain to foreign ports while millions of Russians are starving. It appears that about 35,000,000 more pounds of rye have been exported this year than in 1890, notwithstanding the prohibition which gave a vast stimulus to export during the few weeks before it took effect. The diseases already prevailing in the famine-stricken provinces are creating almost as much alarm as the famine itself. The municipal authorities of St. Petersburg have voted a sum of money equivalent to \$25,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the famine.

MARTIN'S GREAT RIDE.

He Who the Six Days' Bicycle Contest in New York, Covering 1,466 Miles and Beating All Records.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Half a dozen of the fourteen bicycle riders who started in the six-day race will participate in the \$25,000 gate receipts, that number having covered 1,400 miles or more when the race came to an end Saturday night. Martin, the sturdy "little rider" from Detroit, made 1,466 miles and 4 laps, securing first money, the other five being Ashinger, Lamb, Schock, Albert and Boyst. Six thousand cheering spectators were in Madison Square garden Saturday night. Martin came in for most of the applause, of course, not a few unusually generous visitors throwing bank notes at the plucky westerner as he piled mile on mile in his monotonous round. These offerings were carefully harvested by Martin's attendants and will help swell his part of the gate receipts. At least \$9,000 of the income will be deducted for expenses, leaving \$10,000 for the managers and riders. Of the \$8,000 for the contestants \$2,000 goes to Manager Tom Ech as his share, leaving \$3,000 to be divided among the six riders. On the basis of 35, 25, 15, 12, 8 and 5 per cent, the \$6,000 will be distributed as follows: Martin, \$2,100; Ashinger, \$1,500; Lamb, \$900; Schock, \$720; Albert, \$480; Boyst, \$300.

Martin has slept but ten hours since he started on his long ride, and has been off the track but sixteen hours at most. Ashinger, his nearest rival, has slept only twelve hours, but he has been off his wheel twenty-six hours. The final score is as follows:

Rider	Miles	Laps
Martin	1,466	4
Ashinger	1,411	4
Lamb	1,392	4
Schock	1,378	4
Albert	1,328	4
Boyst	1,220	4

TONS OF HAY DESTROYED.

Farmers Lose Heavily by Fires in the Wisconsin River Bottoms.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 26.—Fires in the Wisconsin river bottoms and those rivers tributary to the Wisconsin have caused heavy losses to the farmers living along the rivers. Curtis Hazeltine, of Menomonie, who owns about 20,000 acres of marsh lands in Dane, Sauk and Iowa counties, says most all of the hay grown on his land was destroyed by fire. He has leased the marsh in small parcels to farmers, and those placing almost sole dependence for hay on the marsh are in desperate straits and will be obliged to sell their cattle at whatever they will bring in order to avoid their starving. Mr. Hazeltine estimates that 50,000 tons of hay have been destroyed in southern Wisconsin alone. Along the Wolf river and its tributaries marshes have burned out and farmers were unable to rescue their hay which had been stacked in them. In many places the fire is still burning. Stock can be purchased at almost any price along those rivers, tame hay having been a failure on account of the drought. The loss cannot as yet be estimated.

FOUND DEAD ON THEIR SHIP.

The Bodies of the Sailors of the Red Wing Recovered—Fourteen Lost.

LEWIS, Del., Oct. 26.—Capt. Vickers and the crew of the life-saving station at Indian river recovered the bodies of fourteen men, the crew of the schooner Red Wing. Two of the men were picked up on the shore and the others were taken from the rigging of the schooner. Some of the bodies were terribly mutilated, the faces being bruised beyond recognition and their limbs broken. The body of the captain is supposed to be under the schooner, which is turned upside down, only the keel being visible.

CHILI MUST SETTLE.

The United States Demands and Will Receive Reparation for the Cowardly Attack on the Baltimore's Crew.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Chile is to be brought to terms. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue on the part of the United States and the Chilean junta will know it as soon as Minister Egan makes certain communications to them. A serious turn is given the Valparaiso affair by the dispatch of Capt. Schley reciting the result of a court of inquiry as to the origin of the assault on the American sailors. This dispatch was the subject of a long conference at the white house Friday afternoon between President Harrison, W. J. Foster representing the state department, Secretary Tracy and Attorney General Miller. The climax was reached by the latest information showing that the sailors had been stabbed in the back, and that the wounds were inflicted by bayonets in the hands of policemen. This news destroyed the theory of a mere row and showed that the authorities, instead of doing their duty, must be held responsible for the attack. It also showed that the American sailors could not have started a mere brawl. They were victims of Chilean hatred and Chilean violence.

The president and the members of the conference agreed that a halt must be called and at once upon Chilean insults. When the conference broke up Mr. Foster carried in his pocket a cablegram to be sent to Minister Egan which shows that the United States has decided to enter on a decidedly aggressive policy with the junta. The cablegram instructs Mr. Egan to satisfy himself of the correctness of the conclusions of the Schley court of inquiry, and if the particulars are found as reported to demand at once indignantly for the sufferers, a suitable apology and punishment for all the offenders engaged in the barbarous and unwarranted attack upon our sailors. Under the circumstances as reported by the court of inquiry the president's advisors agree that this country has a perfect right for complete and full reparation. The affair is regarded as something more than a street riot or row between sailors. It is an attack upon representatives of the United States government, not by private citizens of Chile, but by Chilean sailors and Chilean policemen, the men whose duty it is to preserve law and order.

What the administration will do in case its demands are not promptly complied with is a matter the officials do not care to discuss, but the present temper is against any more dilly-dallying, and unless Chile does the proper thing it is not saying too much to predict that the demand will be backed up by warships.

At the conclusion of the conference Secretary Tracy made the following statement:

"From a dispatch received from Capt. Schley it appears he has made a careful investigation of the origin of the assault on the sailors at Valparaiso October 16. The investigation showed that Petty Officer Riggan, while riding in a street car, was assaulted, dragged from the car and shot; that he was murdered in the arms of his companions by about 100 men who were armed; that Augustine Frederick Riggan was the assassin of the last named sailor; that Petty Officer Hazeltine was wounded several times in the back and other parts of the body; that Coalheaver Pantor and Lamberton Davidson were dangerously injured by assaults with clubs, stones and knives, and that many other men were seriously injured by assaults; that thirty-five seamen were arrested by the public authorities and detained in cages; that the Chilean press are unanimously of the opinion that some of the wounds were inflicted by bayonets, thus showing clearly the participation of the police; that the American sailors were without arms and defenseless; that they were sober and innocent of any misbehavior; that two of the seriously wounded are still in the hospital; that in several instances the police officers protected them."

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The steel cruiser Boston has been ordered sail to reinforce the United States squadron in Chilean waters.

RETRIBUTION.

A Soft Heart Prevented a Deserved Punishment.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for treating Philip Haughton in the way you do. If I were to be so cruel I should expect to be punished for it."

"Well, if Mr. Phil has a mind to make a fool of himself, I do not see what business it is of mine," said a piquant, but firm and quiet voice, and sweet lips closed themselves with decision; they were lips often accustomed to close themselves with decision, for they belonged to Helen Rutledge.

Helen Rutledge was a girl whom any common description would wrong; though she had brown eyes and hair, and though the eyes were expressive and the hair soft and wavy, though her voice was a contralto and had that peculiar charm which that voice gives to every word; though her deep brown eyes were large, with full though thin lids of unusual beauty and long brown lashes; when you told these things she was still undescribed. There was an indescribable charm about her, due not to any peculiar feature, but mainly to a self-centered, decisive, superior air which seemed to come from her very nature without any intervention of consciousness. As to her character, well, that will have to be shown.

The men seemed to have a trick of falling in love with her, a habit which caused her some annoyance and no little amusement; but none had been so completely under her thumb as Philip Haughton. They were all together at a popular summer resort. He was an attractive youth, and all the girls liked him, but he cared for none but Helen. He was intellectual, entertaining, handsome and full of resources, and would have been a conspicuous character if the good men had been as plentiful as they were scarce. His only faults were a slight, almost boyish figure, and a certain lightness of mien which some thought denoted frivolity of character.

The dialogue above was interrupted by the entrance of the party discussed. Jonnie, the friend, looked rather conscious; Helen not at all so.

"Oh, Miss Rutledge," said Philip as they walked off together, "they are arranging for a big dance at the Grand Western this evening; may I have the pleasure of your company?"

"No, I do not like to make an engagement—something might happen."

"But you make engagements with others."

"Well, what then?"

"Nothing, only I thought that after all my devotion to you you might condescend to treat me as you do the others, who do not care the snap of their finger for you. Well"—with a sigh—"the old idea is right that what we feel surest of we care least about. If I had more of the world's wisdom I would conceal my heart, but I love you too well for that, and so I suffer."

"You need not worry yourself about it; I shall be at the dance and you may look at me to your heart's content."

"I will, for it is the only thing you will let me do."

The dance came and Philip was there, but Helen would not dance with him and hardly spoke to him. To be sure he did not waltz, which she said was the only dance she liked, but he thought bitterly as he followed around at her heels she would not have regarded that had she cared anything for him. He had resolved not to be out that night, but had been unable to keep away; he made many such resolves, but he made them only to break them. For she was always so sweet and attractive, and just as he was on the point of open rebellion she would be so kind and friendly he would soon be as devoted as ever. Helen did not believe herself a flirt, and resented the accusation with scorn; she even said it worried her to have a man daunted after her, but Philip Haughton was not the first man who had been treated in just that style. Still, she was not an intentional flirt and her havoc was wrought from thoughtlessness rather than malice.

Well, the season wore to a close, and still Philip's abject, servile devotion to Helen made him the laughing stock of the whole place. On the evening before the party to which Helen belonged was to leave, Philip requested her company for a stroll along the beach. For a wonder she consented.

"The pale moon"—but I do not like interminable description and do not care to go on; you can find the rest in the average popular novel.

After a few light commonplaces, in which both seemed to avoid conversation, Philip said:

"I fear I shall be very sad after to-morrow. You have long known of my love for you; may I not ask before we part—can you not give me some slight return for all my devotion? Do you not care a little bit for me?"

"Mr. Haughton, this scene is painful to me, but there is only one course to take: I do not love you and never can. I have enjoyed your company when you were not too loving, and, therefore, have, perhaps, not discouraged your attentions as I should have done, so I beg your pardon."

Philip received this calmly, for it was only what he expected, and said: "It is enough; you are cruel, but I thank you for your cruelty, for it will make a man of me; I will never forget you, but I will do all in my power to overcome my love for you, and whether I succeed or fail, rest assured that I shall never bother you again."

The next day when the general leave-taking occurred, Philip's lips trembled, but they were set as firmly as ever were Helen's own, and he said good-by as coldly as she did.

Three years passed by, very eventful years to Helen Rutledge. To the surprise of all, except her friends, she was still unmarried. She often said that she was incapable of loving; she could not even imagine herself in love with any man she had ever seen. Being of such a self-reliant and self-centered disposition this was very natural. Besides she had a wonderful talent for painting, and to that delightful occupation she devoted her whole time, and, as is always the case, it required her devotion with never-failing success. All she did was good, but her forte was originality and feeling. It was a wonder that she could represent so well what she knew so little about. She still liked the society of young men, but only for the momentary pleasure; beyond that she never gave them a thought.

One day when she was with a party of girl friends—perhaps I had better call them acquaintances, as she was not particularly social; she had no intimate friends and her best friends were married women—they began to discuss the new doctor. One said he was so handsome, another so dignified, a third praised his voice, while a fourth thought his conversational powers something remarkable. He was a new arrival, and had evidently made a great impression.

Helen at first paid no attention to the insect-buzzing, but it continued so long she was at last compelled to listen, and finally exclaimed: "What a paragon he must be to have made so profound an impression. I declare, girls, you have aroused my curiosity. I should like to see this wonderful young man."

"Then come to Mrs. Graham's reception to-morrow evening," said one of the girls; "he will be there."

"Oh, you know I never go to such things; they are such dreadful bores and I don't guess he is worth the trouble after all."

Explain it as you may, Helen that evening was a guest of Mrs. Graham's. It was not long before she stood face to face with the new doctor and heard, "Dr. Haughton, Miss Rutledge."

For once in her life Miss Rutledge was embarrassed, but Dr. Haughton was quite self-possessed and said simply that he did not think they required an introduction, at least if Miss Rutledge had taken the trouble to remember him. She replied quickly that she had not found that very hard work. Then followed a short and unimportant conversation and Dr. Haughton started on his rounds among the other ladies, by whom he was most graciously received. It is nice to be courted and complimented, even when we do not think much of those who gratify us.

Helen found her eyes often following him as he moved among the crowd. He was the same and yet not the same. His figure was still slight, but the boyishness was replaced by that—what is the French word "sang froid," that comes from experience rather than age.

During the weeks that followed these two were frequently thrown together and once or twice he called on her. He was rather friendly, but his whole manner said plainly: "I worried you once with my foolishness, but I have kept my promise and now regard you only as a friend." It sometimes made her feel a little jealous of fate when he showed such indifference to her. Thus he became a rarity and as a rarity was attractive. She began to think of him during the day, and wonder how much she would see of him during the evening. He seemed to grow handsomer every day; and the more she knew of his character the better and nobler she thought him.

Once she started out on the always tiresome duty of paying calls—it was particularly irksome to her and a thing she avoided whenever possible. This time, however, was made forever memorable.

One of her "acquaintances" began to dilate on Dr. Haughton and the attention he had paid to a beautiful and accomplished young lady where he had studied medicine. By one of the curious yet natural actions of the mind, just this little thing first caused her to realize that she loved Philip Haughton. Like most coquettes she never knew that she had a heart—till she found that she did not have one. How she got through with that visit and safe in her own room she never knew. It may be noted, however, for our special enlightenment, that her friend saw nothing unusual in her demeanor.

Now comes the most difficult part of my story, to picture a woman of Helen's character in love.

She was not listless or mooping, nor did she cover her canvas with sketches of the loved one as most women would have done. None of her family suspected her complaint, only her mother detected a certain strained tension in her manner and was puzzled. She devoted herself more than ever to her art, but she found in it none of that divine consolation which she had been accustomed to obtain in lesser troubles. She could settle at nothing and her forte was gone—all her efforts seemed devoid of heart and originality.

During all this time she and Philip frequently met, at her own home and at different public and private entertainments, to all which she went, and scarcely ever failed to find the new doctor. She was kinder and sweeter than ever, but he took her kindness to be a reward for his renunciation and became more exclusively friendly.

It may perhaps be of interest to know what kind of a man had excited the love of the brilliant and fascinating Helen. Aside of what has already been said of him it may be noted that, though his features were irregular, he was handsome, with that higher beauty that comes from the expression. Not only did his face indicate character, but it was also remarkably expressive. It changed with his changing moods. His eyes were gray but not at all so cold as gray eyes are usually supposed to be, but glittered with the fire of inspiration, danced with humor, or glowed with sympathy. As Helen knew him better she discovered unsuspected depths in his character. He seemed merely a butterfly of fashion, with all that character's advantages and disadvantages, but was really a man of deep thought and steadfast purpose, and had

already achieved remarkable success in his profession.

One evening after an animated conversation on generalities, a pause. Then Philip remarked: "I am afraid I worried you very much at St. Martin's; I hope you have forgiven me—I think I have profited somewhat from the best of all teachers—experience."

"Yes, I think you have changed." More chit-chat. He becomes very friendly, and confides his hopes and ambitions, then relates several incidents of his college life. "And there is something else," he says at last, "I have not told you about—Miss Deering. She is a delightful girl I knew while at college—her beauty is her smallest attraction."

"Yes, I have heard of your devotion to her; when shall I expect your wedding cards?"

"Oh, it has not come to that yet," and a dreamy look comes into his eyes.

"I think you are very foolish," she says with a snap and then would have given words to take it back.

He replies lightly. A pause—"Miss Helen, I have a great favor to ask of you; there is going to be a nice private German Thursday and I want your company; may I have it?"

"No you can't. I hate Germans."

"But as a special favor to me?"

"I am not aware that you have any right to special favors from me," and she turned as cold as ice. Seeing which he took his leave, with a puzzled, speculative look in his eyes which suggests as his thought: "Varium est mutabile semper, femina," the best translation of which I think is "a thing capricious and changeable always, woman is," and which is a remark that, joined with even earlier testimony, shows that woman, changeable in all else, has never changed in being changeable.

Helen rushed immediately to her mother's room, fell on her lap and burst into tears.

For a long time her mother said nothing, but showed far better than by words that heavenly sympathy on which we can always depend. When her tears were nearly exhausted her mother said:

"Come, darling, tell me all about it."

She told her story, aided by a mother's quick intuition. "And oh, mother, he does not love me, he only thinks of me as a friend. It is a hard fate, but a just one; I only cared for the pleasures men gave, and never thought of the pain I gave them."

"Cheer up, darling, this may not be as hopeless as you think, and if it is, with your disposition you can quickly get over it."

"No, no, it is hopeless and I shall never get over it. Mother, help me; it will hurt, but I will try to live it down."

Though she had not expected to go, she found herself in the German Thursday, and the first person she saw was Philip, who came to her at once and said: "I want to beg your pardon for whatever I said that offended you the other evening; I cannot bear to have you angry; I think too much of your friendship for that."

"It was nothing much, and it is I who ought to beg pardon, though, you know, we women claim caprice as a right."

"Well, to show my pardon will you allow me to escort you home to-night—it is so much pleasanter on a night like this to walk than to ride?"

"Certainly," she said.

The German was over; in the wee sma' hours they started home. The streets harsh and business-like by day were given a romantic glamour by the late rising moon, whose horizontal rays glinted in and out among the houses.

They enjoyed the beauty of the scene silently for awhile, then Philip said: "There is something I want to tell you, Miss Rutledge."

"I am all attention."

"My connection with Miss Deering is a pure myth."

Helen trembled.

"Helen, I love you and you only; I have tried to be satisfied with your friendship, but it is not enough. I have asked you before; I ask you again, will you not try to love me a little?"

"Write none of the pretty trifling women usually think necessary on such occasions, but with all such a woman's strong decision, she answered:

"I love you now, with all my heart."

After a month of perfect happiness—the nearest perfect that Heaven vouchsafes to us sinful mortals—Philip one day said: "Helen, my dearest (if any one thinks these terms of endearment and their usual accompaniments, better imagined than described, are not true to nature you may set it down that he has never been there) my conscience will not let me keep silent. Do you know you are going to marry a villain?"

"A villain? I don't believe it."

"Yes, a villain, a vile plotter. I thought you liked me better than you knew at St. Martin's. I had learned your character and I formed a deep-laid scheme, and carried it out. I came to your city for that purpose; I have always loved you, and was determined to win you. I confess, too, that I wanted to have the pleasure of seeing you experience that terrible thing, which you thought was such a trifling complaint in others and so often occasioned without mercy—an unrequited love."

"You did exactly right, but your heart was too soft; you could not punish me as I deserved."—Atlanta Constitution.

A new scientific instrument has been gotten up by Prof. Bigelow, which is called the aurora-inclinometer. By extensive researches he has found that the same law which underlies the working of electricity and magnetism is operating on the sun, and that sunlight is a magnetic field in which the magnetized earth rotates as does the armature of a dynamo. The instrument will be sent to Alaska, where it will be used in the study of the aurora, as it is there seen in the best conditions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Years ago the castles of the Old World were shown on dinner plates, and when Lafayette visited the United States the incidents of his visit were pictured on teapots and sugar bowls.

Thomas Waller, of National City, Cal., exhibited ten big onions, the product of his farm, in the San Diego chamber of commerce a few days ago. The largest onion weighed five pounds, and the aggregate weight was twenty-four pounds.

An offensive odor came from a trunk at a railroad station in Newark, N. J., and it was therefore supposed to contain clues to a mystery—perhaps a murder. The trunk was opened, and in it were found some wearing apparel and a dozen ancient eggs, which rough handling of the trunk had broken.

Estimated at 12 pounds a cow daily, the United States produces 150,000,000, 000 pounds of milk a year. And as three pounds of milk are equivalent to one pound of beef in food elements, each inhabitant has in milk one and a half beefes annually; whereas, in beef, each inhabitant has only four-fifths of one beef per capita.

Miss Bradton, since 1882, when her first novel ("Lady Audley's Secret") was published, has written fifty novels, representing in the original editions 136 volumes, or about 50,000 pages of printed matter. Her average is almost two novels a year; almost six volumes a year; almost 2,000 pages a year; and therefore almost six pages a day for each day during all these thirty years.

It is said that between the island of Madagascar and the coast of India there are 16,000 islands, only 600 of which are inhabited. On any of these islands a man can live and support his family in princely luxury, without working more than twenty-five days in the year. In fact, on some of these islands he need not work at all, as nature provides the food and no clothes are required.

When Louis Pasteur and Paul Morphy became acquainted at the New York Chess congress of 1857, they frequently took short trips together in the vicinity. It was their custom, when traveling, to amuse themselves by mental games of chess. Each would announce his move in turn, and both would retain in their mind's eye the ever-changing positions of the chess men. A chess-board was not necessary when they desired to engage in the game of which they were masters.

An Augusta, Me., man, who is the proprietor of a hair tonic, is getting up some testimonials to spring upon the suffering public. One of his friends who loves a joke sent him this very sweeping endorsement, which may be printed on the outside of the book cover and may not: "Dear Sir: A few days ago I accidentally spilled some of your hair bather on the straw mattress at my lodgings, and when I returned home I found a hair mattress."

Dolan (holding hand to nose)—"Murder! Murder! But that's all in the olden time! It's mortifying to wonder!" Woodman—"Why, you greenhorn, don't you know a skunk when you smell one?" Dolan—"Mush, but it's a skunk is it that's makin' the atmosphere so conspikuous? Well, now, its meself as do be sayin' it, that either me nose do be izagzeratin' the cityviation or the gentleman sadly negligits his brith."—Boston Courier.

A genius at Muhlenberg, Pa., has completed a marvelous clock for exhibition at the fair. Around the dial is a railway track, on which a miniature locomotive makes the round every five minutes. It requires a magnifying glass to see the delicate machinery. The oil cups at the journals are so small that nothing larger than a hair can be inserted. There is a headlight and bell, flagholders on the pilot, whistle, and everything connected with a locomotive. It has a link motion under the engine to reverse it. The weight of the locomotive is 1½ pounds.

A mean young man in Cheboygan has a little mirror in the corner of his hat. Pasted beside the mirror is a list of people who have recently been poisoned by ice cream. When he is out strolling with a young lady, he tells her she has a little speck on her face, and takes off his hat to enable her to view her face in the mirror. "O, wow it's gone," he says; but by this time she has seen the record of the poisoned people, and reads it. She shuns ice cream, and the mean young man saves his shokels.

The earliest reference to railways on the plan of making a distinct surface and track for wheels is found in Roger North's "Life of Lord Keeper North," where it is stated that at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1676, the coals were conveyed from the mines to the banks of the river "by laying rails of timber exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts were made with four rollers fitting these rails, whereby the carriage was made so easy that one horse would draw four or five chaldrons."

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal tells a curious after-the-fair story. A man from Oxford county had lost a railroad coupon ticket to the fair and had inquired at the ticket office if one had been found. One had been found, but how were they to know that it was his? He asked to look at it and it was shown to him. He said: "It is mine. I can prove it. See, the face of it has been torn off. Look here." And he opened his vest pocket and showed a hearty cud of gum and the face of a railroad coupon sticking to it. The two matched and the ticket was passed over to him.

Probably the youngest bona-fide editor in America is Tello d'Apery, the 14-year-old boy, who occupies that position on the Sunny Hour, a New York monthly. The not insignificant profits of the publication are devoted to the purchase of shoes for poor boys. Tello is a born "newspaper man" and has been able to make fellow workmen of princes and celebrated men. Carmen Sylva has given him two poems, the Princess of Wales, a tale; Osman Pasha, an article, and Prince Roland Bonaparte, printed extracts from a still unpublished book. But this journalistic "wonder-child" has already reaped the bitter fruits of his arduous work, and has been ordered by his physician to stop all work for some years.

HE KNEW IT ALL.

The Professor of Universal Knowledge Meets His Class.

The Hon. Carlyle Smith, P. O. Q., having been called to the Chair of Universal Knowledge by the trustees of the Kennebunkport University, met his classes for the first time the other day.

"If the young gentlemen have any questions to ask, said he, after he made his bow, 'I wish they would begin. I find that the best way to impart miscellaneous information, of which universal knowledge is largely made up, is to have students elicit facts by soliciting statistics."

"Who were the chilly saints, professor?" asked a mild-mannered youth, with a long red mustache.

"The 'Chilly Saints,'" returned the professor promptly, "were three in number—St. Pankratius, St. Liberatus and St. Servatius. Their names are not mentioned prominently among the mere fashionable saints of the Holy Writ, whence is derived their chill. It was a cold day when they were left. They are celebrated on May 11, 12 and 13, and are held responsible by agriculturists for the annual ruining of the peach crop by frost, which, if you have observed closely, occurs at about that period of the year. Next!"

"I have heard frequent mention of the Long Parliament, professor," said a student from Hobboken, who was much interested in politics. "Can you inform me as to what that was?"

"Certainly," returned the professor. "The Long Parliament met on the third day of November, 1640, but soon got into hot water with Cromwell, who managed to dissolve it in 1653. It abolished everything but itself, and made a square effort to make itself immortal, but was unsuccessful, owing, as I have said, to the fact that it got into hot water, which is fatal to genius, upon which alone immortality may rest."

"Thank you," observed the student from Hobboken. "That clears away a misapprehension under which I have been laboring for some time. I thought perhaps the billion-dollar congress was the long parliament, but I perceive that there is a distinction, where there would seem to be no difference."

"Yes, Dido related to Æneas," asked a special student who had left Harvard for his health.

"Yes," returned the professor. "Æneas promised Dido that she should be a sister to him, and the record shows that Æneas always fulfilled his contracts. Anything more?"

"How do you pronounce Popocatepetl?" asked the captain of the football team.

"Volcanic," said the professor, with a glance at his watch.

"Much obliged, sir," returned the captain of the football team; "but I meant, what do you consider the proper pronunciation of the word?"

"Worcester's," said the professor.

"And what is that?" queried the captain, persistently.

"Really, my dear sir," remonstrated the professor, "you should remember that this is not a primary class. You ought to have known before entering college that 'that' is in this instance a pronoun."

"I should like to be informed, professor," said the matter-of-fact student from Camden, "from what the term 'His Nibbs' is derived."

"I am glad you have asked me that question, because it enables me to impart to you a bit of information which has hitherto escaped the Argus eye of the educated world. 'His Nibbs' is a term of Indian manufacture—though not derived from any Indian word—and signifies serene highness. It was applied by them first to William Penn, the title Nibbs being suggested by the famous Quaker's surname. I prefer that you should keep silent, however, on this topic for some weeks. Yet, since the information which I have given you is entirely original with myself, and owing to the fact that my library is now stored beyond my reach in California, along with my shaving materials and a spring overcoat, I have been unable to adduce the evidence I desire to establish my theory beyond peradventure."

And then as the professor dismissed his class he sighed heavily.—N. Y. World.

A Lesson From Amazonian Vanity.

It has been thought by wise men and philosophers, and even by poets (who, as we all know, are the most devoted vassals of the sex), that all women have in their hearts a liking for farbelows and trinkets. Virgil tells us that Camilla, after having shaken off all other female weaknesses, was still a woman in this particular. It seems that love of finery was the ruin of that eminent feminine warrior. After having widowed no end of Trojan wives with her tremendous sword, she espied a young gentleman from the many-gated city, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail and a mantle of Tyrian purple. "A golden bow hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head was covered with a golden helmet." The splendid outfit of the youth set the Greek Amazon almost crazy. She thought, no doubt, that such a parade-stuff would add greatly to her killing apparatus, so she flew at him like a tigress. But, alas! her vanity and greed proved her destruction, and Virgil leaves his lady readers to draw a moral from her fate.—N. Y. Ledger.

Terms Trivial.

We have made up our minds that the obstacles in life do not go on wings, but have either two legs or four. The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand, we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch. Shooting has been so high that apparitions will never wear it again. Friday is an unlucky day only when on it we behave ill. If a salt-cellar upset, it means no misfortune unless we have not paid for the salt. Spirits of the departed have enough employment in the next world to keep them from cutting up monkey-shines in this.

—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

FUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Cent Denial.—Mr. Verrisoph—I wish to wed your daughter, sir. Am I to understand that you give assent? Mr. Heavyrok—No sir; not a penny.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Hello, is this the brewery?" shouted the tough young man over the telephone. "No," came the answer. "Brown's undertaking shop." "O, excuse me, I'll see you later."—Buffalo Enquirer.

—Douglass Jerrold's retort to a would-be wit who, having fired off all his stale jokes with no effect, exclaimed: "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing!" "Don't!" said Jerrold. "Only try me with one!"

—A Ready Lender.—Borus—"Can you lend me ten dollars, Boredun?" Boredun—"Yes. What do you want it for?"

—Borus—"I am going away." Boredun—"To stay?" Borus—"Yes, as long as the money lasts." Boredun—"Er—don't you want ten more?"—Yankee Blade.

—Not Ladylike.—"Well, she may be nice and all that, but I don't think she is ladylike." "What! Not ladylike Miss Deborah! Not ladylike! Why, you astonish me!" "It is true, nevertheless. When I saw her she was not at all ladylike, for from the waist up she was dressed like a gentleman." "Oh!"—Toronto Mail.

—Strutaway—"Do you remember Miss Dovey? I'll never forget how you and she were in love with each other. How she used to call you pet names and you—well, I suppose it's all over now! No more sweetness between you, eh?" Stayathome—"No; all over!" "By the way, whom did she marry?" "Me!"—Boston News.

—Not a Sport.—Miss Castique—"I see you have never had much experience in the game of baseball." Mr. Faustique—"No, I haven't, but how did you find it out?" Miss Castique (grawling)—"Oh! Because short stops and home runs seem things unknown to you."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Ringo—"You haven't seen my youngest boy, have you? Great youngster that. Only three years old, and can talk like a good fellow. Come up some night." Kingley—"What time do you put him to bed?" Ringo—"At nine." Kingley—"I am afraid that's a little bit too late for me."—Harper's Bazar.

—Helping Him Out.—Dude Tourist (wild-eyed and frantic)—"Hi, there, guard! I've lost my box—me luggage! Can't find it anywhere!" American Railway Official—"Any trunks in it like the pair you've got on? Yes? Then why don't you go into the baggage-room and listen?"—Chicago Tribune.

—The Patient's Hint.—Patient—"What kept you away so long, doctor? I've waited for you five hours." Country Doctor—"Why, the fact is my wife was busy curing hams and needed my assistance." Patient—"She ought to have called other help if she wanted 'em cured, and I'll tell her so."—Pharmaceutical Era.

—A Waterbury lady, describing, to a friend who was looking for the right place to go for the summer, the attractions and disadvantages of a certain sea-bound resort, said offhandedly: "The sea is grand, the air is delightful, the scenery exquisite, but the food is scant. The first meal I took there the waiter asked me whether I'd have tea or toast."—Waterbury American.

OLD LIGHTS OF LONDON.

Candlesticks of Iron Used in Illuminating the Streets.

The history of lighting the city is a subject of much interest. In remote times the city must have presented a very curious aspect; there was no method of street lighting at all; the narrow, unpaved streets were deserted when darkness fell except by thieves, who found in the want of artificial illumination a splendid confederate to help them in their nocturnal undertakings. Notwithstanding the ringing of the curfew bell and the order that all lights and fires were to be extinguished when its sound was heard, it was soon found that a city could not conclude all its business at 8 o'clock in the summer, or when darkness came over the city in the winter. Kindly disposed citizens as early as the fourteenth century began to hang outside their doors a common candle made of rushes and coarse grease and these gave a faint glimmer on moonless nights. We find that in the year 1410, in the reign of Henry V., the citizens were called upon as a duty to light the streets, and although some obeyed the injunction, the duty was inadequately performed. It was the custom then for ancient watchmen to carry lanterns containing burning candles placed on the top of a long pole, thus lighting in some small way the streets over which they perambulated. It was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the fear of a Spanish invasion drew attention to the dangerous condition of the streets at night. The darkness might hide foul conspirators; consequently an order in council commanded every household to do his part in the lighting of the city on pain of death by the common hangman. This order seems to have excited some attention, for at the present day there are to be seen in the museum underneath the Guildhall library several of the candlesticks said to have been used at this period for street illumination. The candlestick consists of a rude bar of iron, having at its back a rack and a catch by which the socket holding the candle can be raised or lowered.—The Builder.

Not an Improvement.

Eastern Housekeeper—Do you have any difficulty in keeping good girls in the west?

Western Housekeeper (from a natural gas town)—Great difficulty. Every once in a while a girl lets the gas run too long before lighting it, and we have to look about for a new girl. No use looking for the old one.—Good News.

Dreadful.

That was a sad thing happened to Brown's fiancée at the beach.

What was that? Drowned?

No—but a big wave came in while she was sitting on the sand and washed half of her complexion away.—Jury.

"One thing I like about our new man," said a member of the firm to his partner, "is that he's reliable. You can always tell what he is going to do next." And what is that? "Nothing."—Washington Post.

—Wool—"Old Seroggs seems to want to get all he can for his money." Van Felt—"Doesn't he? Why, that man wouldn't take an ounce of prevention if he could get a pound of cure at the same price."—N. Y. Herald.

—Embracing a Privilege—"You certainly told me to embrace my privilege." "Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter." "No, but to embrace your daughter is a privilege."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Of Two Evils.—Nobbie the office boy—"There's a man downstairs says he's going to kill yer, and a beautiful young lady as wants to go on der stage." Manager—"Well, show the man up."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mamma—"Dolly, remember, you have promised not to flirt with a single married man this summer." Dolly (under her breath)—"Thank fortune! That lets me flirt with the married married men."—Chicago Globe.

—Her Gentle Voice.—Brown—"No doubt you often think of your wife, Mr. Graymure?" Graymure (a widower)—"Oh, yes, I woke up suddenly last night and felt sure I heard her voice, but it turned out to be a thunder!"—Saturday Evening Herald.

—Putting in His Time.—First Reporter—"Had any assignment to-day?" Second Reporter—"Yes, I had a funeral two hours long." First Reporter—"Two hours! I should think it would have worn you out." Second Reporter—"Oh, I didn't mind it; I wrote up my joke column."—Boston Courier.

—An Eloquent Silence.—Dressmaker—"Did your husband, madam, receive my little bill for your dresses?" Mrs. Bingo—"Yes, I believe so." Dressmaker (anxiously)—"And what does he say?" Mrs. Bingo—"I don't know. He hasn't spoken to me since he received it."—Dry Good's Bulletin.

—Jack Hardup—"Oh, Miss Ploutot, may I hope at all?" Miss Ploutot—"No, Mr. Hardup, this must go no further, but I will be a sister to you." Jack Hardup—"Well, then, Miss Ploutot, just remind the old gentleman that I'm his son; I'm afraid he might forget me in his will."—Yale Record.

—No Grief in His.—"I am truly sorry, Johnny," said the friend of the family, meeting his little boy on the street, "to learn that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was nothing saved?" "Don't you waste no grief on me," replied Johnny. "All of paw's old clothes were burned up in that fire, and paw can't make any of 'em over for me this time. I'm all right."

—Mrs. Desporte (looking up from her newspaper)—"I really think they will finally do away with prize-fighting altogether." Mr. D.—"What makes you think so, my dear?" Mrs. D.—"Well, I think the movement is in the direction of reform. I just read of a fight where they discarded those cruel, ugly, clumsy big gloves, and fought with kid gloves."—Harvard Lampoon.

HE GOT THE JOB.

A Student of Human Nature Who Welcomed Carpets for a Living.

"Do you wish me to beat any carpets, lady?" he asked of the woman who came to the door. "I'll guarantee to do it thoroughly and at a moderate price. A better day—"

"No, I don't," snapped the woman, already out of patience by the visit of two peddlers and a tramp, and she stepped back to shut the door.

"I half expected you didn't," said the untruffled carpet-beater. "I might have believed what the woman across the street told me."

"What did that lying Mrs. Higgins tell you?" queried the woman sharply, opening the door which she had half shut.

"She said it was no use for me to call here; that you didn't have anything but an old rag of a carpet that would fall to pieces if any one tried to beat it."

"She did, did she? The impudent hussy!" said the woman, almost too angry to speak. "Come right in, my man, and take up my heavy Brussels. Take it out in the front yard and beat it as hard as you know how, until I tell you to stop. I'll pay you double price and give you your dinner besides." And, to herself, she said: "I'll let the hateful thing see whether it's an old rag or not."

And the diplomatic carpet beater called to his assistant out on the sidewalk, and remarked to him when they had taken the carpet out where Mrs. Higgins could see it that it was a cold day when he couldn't get a carpet to beat.—Boston Herald.

CLEANED OUT THE THIEVES.

A Farmer Gets On His Muscle at the Union Depot.

"I'm a purty old bird; but begosh I've got a heap of sand in me yet."

The speaker was a huge, red-faced farmer, who came down the union depot stairs the other morning with his coat-sleeves rolled up and his breath coming in gasps.

"What is the matter?" inquired one of the bystanders.

"Oh! nuthin' much, I guess. Only I opine that there are sum fellers not a mile away who won't be so peart agin."

"What happened?" asked another, as the Goliath-like farmer ceased speaking.

"Well, I ain't ust ter these late breakfasts, so I 'us hungry when I kem inter this ere village, en' I went across ther road ter get sumptin' ter eat. I hung me coat up while I washed me face, en' one o' them no-account fellers borried me purse. I didn't know 'twas gone 'til I'd finished eatin' and was goin' ter pay me bill, and then I ast for it. They told me they didn't know nuthin' about it, an' I got mad."

"Gimme that purse, ye danged thief!" sez I.

"Shet up!" sez he; 'I ain't got yer measly purse.'

"En' then they tried ter put me out, but I'm a purty fly bird, en' when I got thru' with them fellers the floor was purty clean. An' I got my purse."

For Sale.
One 7 room house, and one 14 room house. Terms easy. C. E. E.

Wanted.
Men to peel bark at Camp 5, one mile west on Grantwood, on Soo railroad. Wages \$30.00 and board.

PRINCETON TAXING CO.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.
Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of Foreman & Neeland, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts of said firm will be paid by Mr. Neeland, and all accounts owing to the firm will be paid to him.

Dated Oct. 5th, 1891.

JACK FOREMAN.
JOHN NEELAND.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis., Sept. 20, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on November 11, 1891, viz: Chas. Schuen II, E. No. 234 for the NE 1/4, Sec. 24, Township 36, North of Range 3 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Emad Casimir, Joseph St. Germain, Marcus Mason and Frank Easton, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6w Oct. 5-Nov. 12

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE
AT WAUSAU, WIS., OCTOBER 1st, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on November 12, 1891, viz: Sands P. Bennett, Homestead Entry No. 1854, for the Lots 1, 2 and 3 of NE 1/4, Sec. 24, Township 36, North of Range 3 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: S. Koller, Erich Fletcher, Wm. E. Thompson and James McGowan, all of Rhinelander, Oneida Co., Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6w Oct. 5-Nov. 12

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE
AT WAUSAU, WIS., OCTOBER 1st, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on December 5, 1891, viz: Samuel Moore, II, E. No. 1855, for the NE 1/4, Sec. 24, Township 36, North of Range 3 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Fred Rolla, Matthew Pearson, Thos. Bunn and Frank Mack, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6w Oct. 5-Nov. 12

W.D. HARRIGAN
—DEALER IN—
BRICK, LIME, HAIR, SAND, ADAMANT, WALL PLASTER,
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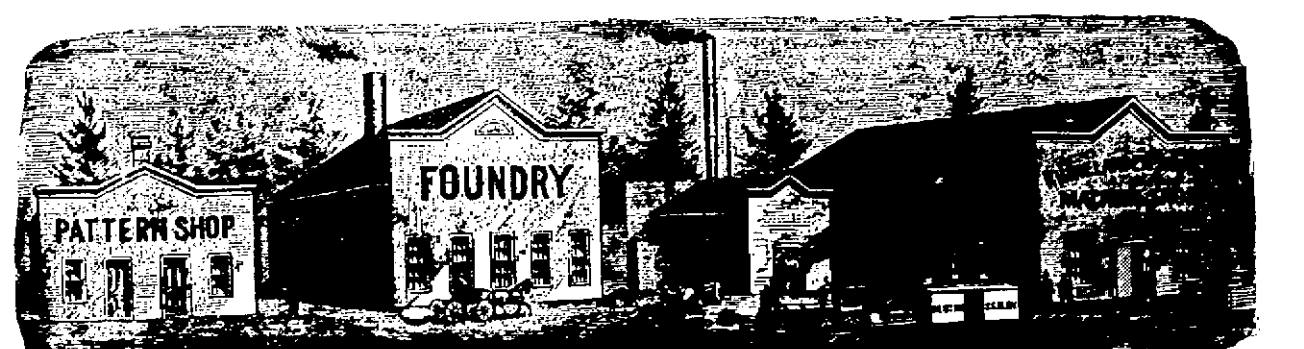
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